

THE

Maids Tragedy,

As it hath been divers times Acted at the *Black-Friers*, by the K I N G s Majesties Servants:

Written by FRANCIS BEAUMONT, and
JOHN FLETCHER, Gentlemen.

The sixth Impression, Revised and Corrected exactly by the Original.



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S P E A K E R S.

KING.

LYSIPPUS, *brother to the King.*

AMINTOR, *a noble Gentleman.*

EUADNE, *wife to AMINTOR.*

MELANTIUS } *brother to EVADNE.*

DIPHILUS

ASPATIA *troth-plight wife to AMINTOR.*

CALIANAX, *an old humorous Lord, and father to ASPATIA.*

CLEON } *Gentlemen.*

STRATO

DIAGORAS, *a servant.*

ANTIPHILA } *waiting Gentlemen to ASPATIA.*

OLYMPIUS

DULA *a Lady.*

NIGHT

CYNTHIA } *Maskers.*

NEPTUNE

EOLUS

The Stationers Censure.

Good wine requires no Bush they say,
 And I, no Prologue such a play:
 The makers therefore did forbear
 To have that grace prefixed here.
 But cease here (Censure) lest the Buyer
 Hold thee in this a vain Supplier;
 My office is to set it forth,
 Where Fame ap. lauds its real worth.

THE



THE MAIDS TRAGEDY.

Actus I. Scene. I.

Enter Cleon, Strato, Lysippus, Diphilus.



CLEON. The rest are making ready Sir.

Stra. So let them, there's time enough.

Diph. You are the brother to the King, my Lord, wee'l take your word.

Lys. *Strato*, thou hast some skill in Poetry, What thinkst thou of a Mask? will it be well?

Strat. As well as Mask can be.

Lys. As Mask can be?

Strat. Yes, they must commend their King, and speak in praise of the Assembly, bless the Bride and Bridegroom, in person of some God; th' are tyed to rules of flattery.

Cle. See, good my Lord, who is return'd!

Lys. Noble *Melantius*!

Enter Melantius.

The Land by me welcomes thy vertues home to *Rhodes*, thou that with blood abroad buyest us our peace; the breath of Kings is like the breath of Gods; My brother wisht thee here, and thou art here; he will be too kind, and weary thee with often welcomes; but the time doth give thee a welcome above this or all the worlds.

Mel. My Lord, my thanks; but these scratcht limbs of mine have spoke my love and truth unto my friends, more than my tongue ere could; my mind's the same it ever was to you; where I find worth, I love the keeper, till he let it go,

And then I follow it. *Diph.* Hail worthy brother!

He that rejoyces not at your returne
In safety, is mine enemy for ever.

Mel. I thank thee *Diphilus*: but thou art faulty;
I sent for thee to exercise thine armes

With me at *Patria*: thou cam'st not *Diphilus*: 'Twas ill.

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Diph. My noble brother, my excuse
Is my Kings strict command, which you my Lord
Can witness with me. *Lys.* 'Tis true *Melantius*,
He might not come till the solemnity
Of this great match were past. *Diph.* Have you heard of it?

Mel. Yes, I have given cause to those that
Envy my deeds abroad, to call me gamesome;
I have no other business here at *Rhodes*.

Lys. We have a mask to night,
And you must tread a Soldiers measure.

Mel. These soft and filken wars are not for me;
The musick must be shrill, and all confus'd,
That stirs my blood, and then I dance with armes:
But is *Amintor* wed? *Diph.* This day.

Mel. All joyes upon him, for he is my friend:
Wonder not that I call a man so young my friend,
His worth is great; valiant he is, and temperate,
And one that never thinks his life his own,
If his friend need it: when he was a boy,
As oft as I return'd (as without boast)
I brought home conquest, he would gaze upon me,
And view me round, to find in what one limb
The vertue lay to do those things he heard:
Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel
The quickness of the edge, and in his hand
Weigh it; he oft would make me smile at this;
His youth did promise much, and his ripe years
Will see it all perform'd.

Enter Aspatia,
passing by.

Melan. Hail Maid and Wife!
Thou fair *Aspatia*, may the holy knot
That thou hast tyed to day, last till the hand
Of age undo't; may'st thou bring a race
Unto *Amintor* that may fill the world
Successively with Souldiers. *Asp.* My hard fortunes
Deserve not scorne; for I was never proud
When they were good. *Mel.* How's this? *Exit Aspatia.*

Lys. You are mistaken, for she is not married,

Mel. You said *Amintor* was. *Diph.* 'Tis true; but

Mel. Pardon me, I did receive
Letters at *Parria*, from my *Amintor*,

That

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That he should marry her. *Diph.* And so it stood,
In all opinion long; but your arrival
Made me imagine you had heard the change.

Mel. Who hath he taken then? *Lys.* A Lady Sir,
That bears the light above her, and strikes dead
With flashes of her eye; the fair *Evadne* your vertuous sister.

Mel. Peace of heart betwixt them: But this is strange.

Lys. The King my brother did it
To honour you; and these solemnities
Are at his charge. *Mel.* 'Tis royal, like himself;
But I am sad, my speech bears so unfortunate a sound.

To beautiful *Aspatia*; there is rage
Hid in her fathers breast; *Calianax*

Bent long against me, and he should not think,
If I could call it back, that I would take
So base revenges, as to scorn the state

Of his neglected daughter: holds he still his greatness with the

Lys. Yes; but this Lady

(King?

Walks discontented, with her watry eyes
Bent on the earth: the unfrequented woods
Are her delight; and when she sees a bank
Stuck full of flowers, she with a sigh will tell
Her servants what a pretty place it were
To bury lovers in, and make her maids
Pluck'em, and strow her over like a Corse.
She carries with her an infectious grief
That strikes all her beholders, she will sing
The mournful'st things that ever ear hath heard:
And sigh, and sing again, and when the rest
Of our young Ladies in their wanton blood,
Tell mirthful tales in course that fill the room
With laughter, she will with so sad a look
Bring forth a story of the silent death
Of some forsaken Virgin, which her grief
Will put in such a phrase, that ere she end,
She'll send them weeping one by one away.

Mel. She has a brother under my command
Like her, a face as womanish as hers,
But with a spirit that hath much out-grown
The number of his years.

Enter Amintor.

Cl.

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Cle. My Lord the Bridegroom!

Mel. I might run fiercely, not more hastily
Upon my foe: I love thee well *Aminor*,
My mouth is much too narrow for my heart;
I joy to look upon those eyes of thine;
Thou art my friend, but my disordered speech cuts off my love.

Amin. Thou art *Melantius*;
All love is spoke in that, a sacrifice
To thank the gods, *Melantius* is return'd
In safety; victory sits on his sword
As she was wont; may she build there and dwell,
And may thy armour be as it hath been,
Only thy valour and thy innocence.
What endless treasures would our enemies give,
That I might hold thee still thus!

Mel. I am but poor in words, but credit me young man,
Thy mother could no more but weep, for joy to see thee
After long absence; all the wounds I have,
Fetcht not so much away, nor all the cries
Of widowed mothers: but this is peace;
And what was War? *Amin.* Pardon thou holy God
Of marriage bed, and frown not, I am forc't
In answer of such noble tears as those,
To weep upon my Wedding day.

Mel. I fear thou art grown too sick; for I hear
A Lady mourns for thee, men say to death,
Forsaken of thee, on what terms I know not.

Amin. She had my promise, but the King forbade it,
And made me make this worthy change, thy sister
Accompanied with graces above her,
With whom I long to lose my lusty youth,
And grow old in her armes. *Mel.* Be prosperous.

Enter Messenger.

Messen. My Lord, the Maskers rage for you.

Lys. We are gone. *Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.*

Amin. Wee'l all attend you, we shall trouble you
With our solemnities. *Mel.* Not so *Aminor*.
But if you laugh at my rude carriage
In peace, I'll do as much for you in War
When you come thither: yet I have a Mistress

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To bring to your delights; rough though I am,
I have a Mistress, and she has a heart,
She sayes, but trust me, it is stone, no better,
There is no place that I can challenge in't.
But you stand still, and here my way lies. *Exit.*

Enter Calianax with Diagoras.

Cal. *Diagoras*, look to the doors better for shame, you let in
all the world, and anon the King will rail at me; why very well
said, by *Jove* the King will have the show i'th' Court.

Diag. Why do you swear so my Lord?
You know hee'l have it here.

Cal. By this light if he be wise, he will not.

Diag. And if he will not be wise, you are forsworn.

Cal. One may swear his heart out with swearing, and get thanks
on no side, I'll be gone, look to't who will.

Diag. My Lord, I will never keep them out.
Pray stay, your looks will terrifie them.

Cal. My looks terrifie them, you coxcomby. As you'll be judg-
ed by all the company, whether thou hast not a worse face than I —

Diag. I mean, because they know you and your Office:

Cal. Office, I would I could put it off, I am sure I sweat quite
through my Office, I might have made room at my daughters Wed-
ding, they had nere kild her amongst them. And now I must do
service for him that hath forsaken her; serve that will. *Exit*

Calianax.

Diag. He's so humorous since his daughter was forsaken: hark,
hark, there, there, so, so, codes, codes.

What now? *Within knock within.*

Mel. Open the door, *Diag.* Who's there? *Mel.* *Melantius.*

Diag. I hope your Lordship brings no troop with you, for if you
do, I must return them. *Enter Melantius.*

Mel. None but this Lady Sir. *And a Lady.*

Diag. The Ladies are all plac'd above, save those that come in
the Kings Troop, the best of *Rhodes* sit there, and there's room.

Mel. I thank you Sir: when I have seen you plac'd Madam, I
must attend the King; but the mask done, I'll wait on you again.

Diag. Stand back there, room for my Lord *Melantius*, pray
bear back, this is no place for such youths and their Truls, let the
doors shut agen; I, do your heads itch? I'll scratch them for you:
so now thrust and hang: again, who is't now? I cannot blame my
Lord

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Lord *Calianax* for going away; would he were here, he would run
raging among them, and break a dozen wiser heads than his own in
the twinkling of an eye: what's the news now? *Within.*

I pray you can you help me to the speech of the Master Cook?

Diag. If I open the door, I'll cook some of your Calvesheads.
Peace Rogues. — again, — who is't?

Mel. *Melantius* within, Enter *Calianax* to *Melantius*.

Cal. Let him not in.

Diag. O my Lord a must; make room there for my Lord; is your
Lady plac't?

Mel. Yes Sir, I thank you my Lord *Calianax*: well met,
Your causless hate to me I hope is buried.

Cal. Yes, I do service for your sister here,
That brings my own poor child to timeless death;
She loves your friend *Amintor*, such another false-hearted Lord as
you. *Mel.* You do me wrong.

A most unmanly one, and I am slow
In taking vengeance, but be well advis'd.

Cal. It may be so: who plac'd the Lady there so near the pre-
sence of the King? *Mel.* I did.

Cal. My Lord, she must not sit there. *Mel.* Why?

Cal. The place is kept for women of more worth.

Mel. More worth than she, it mis-becomes your age
And place to be thus womanish; forbear;
What you have spoke, I am content to think
The palsey shook your tongue to.

Cal. Why 'tis well if I stand here to place mens wenches.

Mel. I shall forget this place, thy age, my safety, and through all,
cut that poor sickly week thou hast to live, away from thee.

Cal. Nay, I know you can fight for your Whore.

Mel. Bate the King, and be he flesh and blood,
A lyes that sayes it, thy mother at fifteen
Was black and sinful to her.

Diag. Good my Lord!

Mel. Some god pluck threescore years from that fond man,
That I may kill him, and not stain mine honour;
It is the curse of souldiers, that in peace
They shall be bran'd by such ignoble men,
As (if the Land were troubled) would with tears
And knees beg succour from 'em, would that blood
(That sea of blood) that I have lost in fight,

Were

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Were running in thy veins, that it might make thee
Apt to say less, or able to maintain,
Shouldst thou say more, — This *Rhodes* I see is nought
But a place priviledg'd to do men wrong.

Cal. I, you may say your pleasure.

Enter Amintor.

Amint. What vilde injury
Has stirr'd my worthy friend, who is as slow
To fight with words, as he is quick of hand?

Mel. That heap of age which I should reverence
If it were temperate; but testy years
Are most contemptible. *Amint.* Good sir forbear.

Cal. There is just such another as your self.

Amint. He will wrong you, or me, or any man,
And talk as if he had no life to lose
Since this our match: the King is coming in,
I would not for more wealth than I enjoy,
He should perceive you raging, he did hear
You were at difference now, which hastned him.

Cal. Make room there.

Hobyas play within.

Enter King, Evadne, Aspatia, Lords and Ladies.

King. *Melantius*, thou art welcome, and my love
Is with thee still; but this is not a place
To brabble in; *Calianax*, joyn hands.

Cal. He shall not have my hand. *King.* This is no time
To force you to't, I do love you both:

Calianax, you look well to your Office;
And you *Melantius* are welcome home; begin the Mask.

Mel. Sister, I joy to see you, and your choice,
You lookt with my eyes when you took that man;
Be happy in him.

Recorders.

Evad. O my dearest brother!
Your presence is more joyful than this day can be unto me.

The Maske.

Night rises in mists.

Nigh. Our reign is come; for in the raging sea
The Sun is drown'd, and with him fell the day:

B

Bright

The Maids Tragedy.

Bright *Cynthia* hear my voice, I am the night
For whom thou bear'st about thy borrowed light;
Appear, no longer thy pale visage shrowd,
But strike thy silver horn through a cloud,
And send a beam upon my swarthy face,
By which I may discover all the place
And persons, and how many longing eyes
Are come to wait on our solemnities.

Enter Cynthia.

How dull and black am I? I could not find
This beauty without thee, I am so blind;
Methinks they shew like to those Eastern streaks
That warn us hence before the morning break;
Back my pale servant, for these eyes know how
To shoot far more and quicker rays than thou.

Cynth. Great Queen, they be a Troop for whom alone
One of my clearest moons I have put on;
A troop that looks as if thy self and I
Had pluckt our rains in, and our whips laid by
To gaze upon these Mortals, that appear
Brighter than we.

Night. Then let us keep 'em here,
And never more our Chariots drive away,
But hold our places, and out-shine the day.

Cynth. Great Queen of shadows, you are pleas'd to speak
Of more than may be done; we may not break
The gods decrees, but when our time is come,
Must drive away and give the day our room.
Yet whil'st our reign lasts, let us stretch our power
To give our servants one contented hour,
With such unwonted solemn grace and state,
As may for ever after force them hate.
Our brothers glorious beams, and with the night
Crown'd with a thousand stars, and our cold light;
For almost all the world their service bend
To *Phæbus*, and in vain my light I lend,
Gaz'd on unto my setting from my rise
Almost of none, but of unquiet eyes.

Nigh. Then shine at full, fair Queen, and by thy power
Produce a birth to crown this happy hour;
Of Nymphs and Shepherds let their songs discover,

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Easie and sweet, who is a happy Lover ;
Or if thou woot, then call thine own *Endymion*
From the sweet flowry bed he lies upon ,
On *Latmus* top, thy pale beams drawn away,
And of this long night let him make a day.

Cinth. Thou dream'st dark Queen, that fair boy was not mine,
Nor went I down to kiss him ; ease and wine
Have bred these bold tales ; Poets when they rage,
Turn Gods to men, and make an hour an age ;
But I will give a greater state and glory,
And raise to time a noble memory
Of what these Lovers are ; rise, rise, I say,
Thou power of deeps, thy surges laid away,
Neptune great King of waters, and by me
Be proud to be commanded.

Neptune rises.

Nep. *Cinthia*, see,
Thy word hath fetcht me hither, let me know why I ascend.

Cinth. Doth this majestick show
Give thee no knowledge yet ? *Nep.* Yes, now I see
Something intended (*Cinthia*) worthy thee ;
Go on, I'll be a helper. *Cinth.* Hie thee then,
And charge the wind flie from his Rockie Den.

Let loose thy subjects, only *Boreas*
Too foul for our intention as he was ;
Still keep him fast chain'd ; we must have none here
But vernal blasts, and gentle winds appear ,
Such as blow flowers, and through the glad Bows sing
Many soft welcomes to the lusty spring.

These are our musick : next, thy watry race
Bring on in couples ; we are pleas'd to grace
This noble night, each in their richest things
Your own deeps or the broken vessel brings ;
Be prodigal, and I shall be as kind,
And shine at full upon you.

Nep. Ho the wind *Enter Eolus out of a Rock.*
Commanding *Eolus* ! *Eol.* Great *Neptune* ! *Nep.* He.

Eol. What is thy will ? *Nep.* We do command thee free
Favonius and thy milder winds to wait
Upon our *Cinthia*, but tye *Boreas* straight ;
He's too rebellious. *Eol.* I shall do it.

The Maids Tragedy.

Nep. Do, great master of the flood, and all below;
Thy full command has taken. Eol. Ho! the main;
Neptune. Nep. Here. Eol. Boreas has broke his chaine,
And strugling with the rest, has got away.

Nep. Let him alone, Ile take him up at sea;
He will not long be thence; go once again
And call out of the bottoms of the Main,
Blew Proteus, and the rest; charge them put on
Their greatest pearls, and the most sparkling stone
The bearing Rock breeds, till this night is done
By me a solemn honour to the Moon;
Flie I ke a full sail. Eol. I am gone. Cin. Dark night,
Strike a full silence, do a thorow right
To this great Chorus, that our musick may
Touch high as heaven, and make the East break day
At mid-night.

Musick.

Song.

Cynthia to thy power, and them
we obey.

Joy to this great company,
and no day

Come to steal this night away,
Till the rites of love are ended,
And the lusty Bridegroom say,
Welcome light of all befriended.

Pace out you watry powers below,
let your feet
Like the gallies when they row,
even beat.

Let your unknown measures set
To the still winds, tell to all
That Gods are come immortal great,
To honour this great Nuptial.

The Measure. Second Song.

Hold back thy houres dark night, till we have done,
The day will come too soon;
Young Maids will curse thee if thou steal'st away,
And leav'st their blushes open to the day.
Stay, stay, and hide
the blushes of the Bride.

Stay

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*Stay gentle night, and with thy darkness cover
the kisses of her Lover.*

*Stay, and confound her tears, and her shrill cryings,
Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings;
Stay and hide all,
but help not though she call.*

Nep. Great Queen of us and heaven,
Hear what I bring to make this hour a full one,
If not her measure. Cinth. Speak Seas King.

Nep. Thy tunes my *Amphitrite* joyes to have,
When they will dance upon the rising wave,
And court me as the sails, my *Trytons* play
Musick to lead a storm, I'll lead the way.

Song. Measure:

*To bed, to bed; come Hymen, lead the Bride,
And lay her by her husbands side:*

Bring in the Virgins every one

That grieve to lie alone:

That they may kiss while they may say, a maid,

To morrow 'twill be other, kist and said:

Hesperus be long a shining,

Whil'st these Lovers are a twining.

Eol. Ho Neptune! Nept. Eolus!

Eol. The Seas go hie,

Boreas hath rais'd a storm; go and applie

Thy trident, else I prophesie, ere day

Many a tall ship will be cast away:

Descend with all the gods, and all their power to strike a calm.

Cin. A thanks to every one, and to gratulate

So great a service done at my desire,

Ye shall have many floods fuller and higher

Than you have wisht for; no Ebb shall dare

To let the day see where your dwellings are:

Now back unto your government in haste,

Lest your proud charge should swell above the waste,

And win upon the Island. Nept. We obey.

*Neptune descends,
and the sea-gods.*

Cinth. Hold up thy head dead night; seest thou not day?

The East begins to lighten, I must down

And give my brother place.

Nigh. Oh I could frown

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To see the day, the day that flings his light
Upon my Kingdoms, and contemnes old Night;
Let him go on and flame, I hope to see
Another wild-fire in his Axletree;
And all false drencht; but I forgot, speak Queen.
The day grows on, I must no more be seen.

Cin. Heave up thy drowlie head agen, and see
A greater light, a greater Majestie,
Between our sect and us; whip up thy team;
The day breaks here, and you some flashing stream
Shot from the South; say, which way wilt thou go?

Nigh. I'll vanish into mists.

Exeunt.

Cin. I into day.

Finis Mask.

King. Take lights there Ladies, get the Bride to bed;
We will not see you laid, good night *Aminor*,
We'll ease you of that tedious ceremony;
Were it my case, I should think time run slow.
If thou beest noble, youth, get me a boy,
That may defend my Kingdom from my foes.

Amin. All happiness to you.

King. Good night *Melantius*.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Evadne, Aspatia, Dula, and other Ladies.

DUL. Madam, shall we undress you for this fight?
The Wars are nak't that you must make to night.

Eva. You are very merry *Dula*.

Dul. I should be far merrier Madam, if it were with me as it is
with you. *Eva.* Why how now wench?

Dul. Come Ladies, will you help? *Eva.* I am soon undone.

Dul. And as soon done:

Good store of cloaths will trouble you at both.

Evad. Art thou drunk *Dula*?

Dula. Why, here's none but we.

Evad. Thou think'st belike, there is no modesty
When we are alone.

Dul. I by my troth, you hit my thoughts aright.

Evad. You prick me Lady. *Dul.* 'Tis against my will,
Anon you must endure more, and lie still.

You're

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You're best to practice, *Evad.* Sure this wench is mad.

Dula. No faith, this is a trick that I have had
Since I was fourteen.

Evad. 'Tis high time to leave it.

Du. Nay, now I'll keep it till the trick leave me;
A dozen wanton words put in your head,
Will make you lively in your husbands bed.

Evad. Nay faith, then take it.

Du. Take it Madam, where?
We all I hope will take it that are here.

Evad. Nay then I'll give you ore. *Dul.* So will I make
The ablest man in *Rhodes*, or his heart to ake.

Evad. Wilt take my place to night?

Dul. I'll hold your Cards against any two I know.

Evad. What wilt thou do?

Dul. Madam, wee'll do't, and make'm leave play too.

Evad. *Aspatia*, take her part. *Dul.* I will refuse it,
She will pluck down a side, she does not use it.

Evad. Why, do. *Dul.* You will find the play
Quickly, because your head lies well that way.

Evad. I thank thee *Dula*, would thou couldst instill
Some of thy mirth into *Aspatia*:

Nothing but sad thoughts in her breast do dwell,
Methinks a mean betwixt you would do wel.

Dul. She is in love, hang me if I were so,
But I could run my countrey, I love too
To do those things that people in love do.

Ass. It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek,
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the Altar the Religious Priest
Were pacifying the offended powers

With sacrifice, than now, this should have been
My night, and all your hands have been imployed
In giving me a spotless offering

To young *Amitors* bed, as we are now

For you: pardon *Evadne*, would my worth

Vere great as yours, or that the King, or he,

Or both thought so, perhaps he found me worthless,

But til he did so, in these ears of mine,

(These credulous ears) he pou'd the sweetest words

That

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That Art or Love could frame, if he were false;
Pardon it heaven, and if I did want
Vertue, you safely may forgive that too,
For I have left none that I had from you.

Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk Madam.

Aspat. Would I could, then should I leave the cause.

Evad. See if you have not spoil'd all *Dulas* mirth.

Aspat. Thou think'st thy heart hard, but if thou beest caught, remember me; thou shalt perceive a fire shot suddenly into thee.

Dul. That's not so good, let'em shoot any thing but fire, I fear'em not.

Asp. Wel wench, thou mayst be taken.

Evad. Ladies good night, I'll do the rest my self.

Dul. Nay, let your Lord do some.

Asp. Lay a Garland on my Hearse of the dismal Yew.

Evad. That's one of your sad songs Madam.

Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.

Evad. How is it Madam?

Song.

Asp. Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear; say I died true:
My Love was false, but I was firm from my hour of birth;
Upon my buried body lay lightly gentle earth.

Evad. Fie on't Madam, the words are so strange, they are able to make one dream of Hobgoblins; I could never have the power, Sing that *Dula*.

Dula. I could never have the power
To love one above an houre,
But my heart would prompt mine eye
On some other man to flie;
Venus, fix mine eyes fast,
Or if not, give me all that I shall see at last.

Evad. So, leave me now. *Dula.* Nay, we must see you laid.

Asp. Madam good night, may all the marriage joyes
That longing maids imagine in their beds,
Prove so unto you; may no discontent
Grow 'twixt your Love and you; but if there do,
Enquire of me, and I will guide your moan,
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking; love your Lord

The Maid's Tragedy.

No worse than I ; but if you love so wel,
Alas, you may displease him, so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me:
Ladies farewell; as soon as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my Hea rse;
Bring each a mournful story and a tear
To offer at it when I go to earth:
With flattering Ivie clasp my Coffin round,
Write on my brow my fortune, let my Beer
Be borne by Virgins that shall sing by course
The truth of maids, and perjuries of men.

Evad. Alas, I pittie thee.

Exit Evadne.

Omnes. Madam, goodnight.

1 Lady. Come, wee'l let in the Bridegroom.

Dul. Where's my Lord?

1 Lady. Here take this light.

Enter Amintor.

Dul. You'l find her in the dark.

1 Lady. Your Lady's scarce a bed yet, you must help her.

Asp. Go and be happy in your Ladies love ;
May all the wrongs that you have done to me,
Be utterly forgotten in my death.
I'll trouble you no more, yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied.
You'l come my Lord, and see the Virgins weep
When I am laid in earth, though you your self
Can know no pity : thus I winde my self
Into this willow Garland, and am prouder
That I was once your Love (though now refus'd)
Than to have had another true to me.

So with my prayers I leave you, and must try
Some yet unpractic'd way to grieve and die.

Dul. Come Ladies, will you go ?

Exit Aspatia.

Om. Goodnight my Lord.

Amin. Much happiness unto you all.

Exeunt Ladies.

I did that Lady wrong ; methinks I feel
Her grief shoot suddenly through all my veins ;
Mine eyes run; this is strange at such a time.
It was the King first mov'd me to't, but he
Has not my will in keeping——why do I
Perplex my self thus ? something whispers me,

The Maids Tragedy.

Go not to bed ; my guilt is not so great
As mine own conscience (too sensible)
Would make me think ; I only brake a promise,
And 'twas the King that forc'd me : timorous flesh,
Why shak'st thou so ? away my idle fears.

Enter Evadne.

Yonder she is, the lustre of whose eye
Can blot away the sad remembrance
Of all these things : Oh my *Evadne*, spare
That tender body, let it not take cold,
The vapours of the night will not fall here.
To bed my Love ; *Hymen* will punish us
For being slack performers of his rites.
Can'st thou to call me ? *Evad.* No.

Amin. Come, come my Love,
And let us loose our selves to one another.
Why art thou up so long ? *Evad.* I am not well.

Amin. To bed, then let me winde thee in these arms,
Till I have banisht sickness.

Evad. Good my Lord, I cannot sleep.

Amin. *Evadne*, wee'l watch, I mean no sleeping :

Evad. I'll not go to bed. *Amin.* I prethee do.

Evad. I will not for the world. *Amin.* Why my dear Love ?

Evad. Why ? I have sworn I will not.

Amin. Sworne ! *Evadne.* I.

Amin. How ? Sworne *Evadne* ?

Evad. Yes, sworne *Amin*, and will swear again
If you will wish to hear me.

Amin. To whom have you sworne this ?

Evad. If I should name him, the matter were not great.

Amin. Come, this is but the coiness of a Bride.

Evad. The coiness of a Bride ?

Amin. How prettillie that frown becomes thee !

Evad. Do you like it so ?

Amin. Thou canst not dress thy face in such a look
But I shall like it. *Evad.* What look likes you best ?

Amin. Why do you ask ?

Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.

Amin. How's that ?

Evad. That I may shew you one less pleasing to you.

Amin. I prethee put thy jests in milder looks.

The Maids Tragedy.

It shews as thou wert angry.

Evad. So perhaps I am indeed.

Amint. Why, who has done thee wrong?

Name me the man, and by thy self I swear,

Thy yet unconquered self, I will revenge thee.

Evad. Now I shall try thy truth; if thou dost love me,

Thou weigh'st not any thing compar'd with me;

Life, honour, joyes eternal, all delights

This world can yield, or hopeful people fain,

Or in the life to come, are light as aire

To a true Lover when his Lady frowns,

And bids him do this: wilt thou kill this man?

Swear my *Amintor*, and I'll kiss the sin off from thy lips.

Amin. I will not swear sweet Love,

Til I do know the cause. *Evad.* I would thou wouldst;

Why, it is thou that wrongest me, I hate thee,

Thou shouldst have kild thy self.

Amint. If I should know that, I should quickly kill

The man you hated. *Evad.* Know it then, and do't.

Amint. Oh no, what look soe're thou shalt put on,

To try my faith, I shall not think thee false;

I cannot find one blemish in thy face,

Where fallshood should abide: leave and to bed;

If you have sworn to any of the Virgins

That were your old companions, to preserve

Your maidenhead a night, it may be done without this means.

Evad. A maidenhead *Amintor* at my years?

Amin. Sure she raves, this cannot be

Thy natural temper; shall I call thy maids?

Either thy healthful sleep hath left thee long,

Or else some fever rages in thy blood.

Evad. Neither *Amintor*; think you I am mad,

Because I speak the truth?

Amint. Will you not lie with me to night?

Evad. To night? you talk as if I would hereafter.

Amin. Hereafter? yes, I do.

Evad. You are deceiv'd, put off amazement, and with patience
What I shall utter, for the Oracle

Knows nothing truer, 'tis not for a night

Or two that I forbear thy bed, but for ever.

The Maids Tragedy.

Amin. I dream, — awake *Amintor*!

Evad. You hear right,
I sooner will finde out the beds of Snakes,
And with my youthful blood warm their cold flesh,
Letting them curle themselves about my Limbs,
Than sleep one night with thee; this is not fain'd,
Nor sounds it like the coiness of a Bride.

Amin. Is flesh so earthly to endure all this?
Are these the joyes of marriage? *Hymen* keep
This story (that will make succeeding youth
Neglect thy ceremonies) from all ears.
Let it not rise up for thy shame and mine
To after ages; we will scorn thy Laws,
If thou no better blest them; touch the heart
Of her that thou hast sent me, or the world
Shal know there's not an Altar that will smok
In praise of thee; we will adopt us sonnes;
Then vertue shall inherit, and not blood:
If we do lust, wee'l take the next we meet,
Serving our selves as other creatures do,
And never take note of the female more,
Nor of her issue. I do rage in vaine,
She can but jest; Oh pardon me my Love;
So dear the thoughts are that I hold of thee,
That I must break forth; satisfie my fear:
It is a pain beyond the hand of death,
To be in doubt; confirm it with an Oath, if this be true.

Evad. Do you invent the form?
Let there be in it all the binding words
Divels and Conjurers can put together;
And I will take it; I have sworne before,
And here by all things holy do again,
Never to be acquainted with thy bed. Is your doubt over now?

Amint. I know too much, would I had doubted still:
Was ever such a marriage night as this!
You powers above, if you did ever mean
Man should be us'd thus, you have thought a way
How he may bear himself, and save his honour:
Instruct me in it; for to my dull eyes
There is no mean, no moderate course to run,

The Maids Tragedy.

I must live scorn'd, or be a murderer:

Is there a third? why is this night so calm?

Why does not heaven speak in thunder to us, and drown her voice?

Evad. This rage will do no good.

Amint. *Evadne*, hear me, thou hast tane an Oath,

But such a rash one, that to keep it, were

Worse than to swear it; call it back to thee;

Such vows as those never ascend the heaven;

A tear or two will wash it quite away:

Have mercy on my youth, my hopeful youth,

If thou be pitiful, for (without boast)

This Land was proud of me: what Lady was there

That men call'd fair and vertuous in this Isle,

That would have shund my love? It is in thee

To make me hold this worth ——— Oh we vain men

That trust out all our reputation,

To rest upon the weak and yielding hand

Of feeble Women! but thou art not stone;

Thy flesh is soft, and in thine eyes doth dwell

The spirit of Love, thy heart cannot be hard.

Come lead me from the bottom of despair,

To all the joyes thou hast; I know thou wilt;

And make me careful, lest the sudden change

Ore-come my spirits.

Evad. When I call back this Oath, the pains of hell inviron me.

Amin. I sleep, and am too temperate; come to bed, or by

Those hairs, which if thou hast a soul like to thy locks,

Were threads for Kings to wear about their arms;

Evad. Why so perhaps they are.

Amint. I'll drag thee to my bed, and make thy tongue

Undo this wicked Oath, or on thy flesh

I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life.

Evad. I fear thee not, do what thou dar'st to me;

Every ill-sounding word, or threatning look

Thou shew'st to me, will be reveng'd at full.

Amint. It will not sure *Evadne*.

Evad. Do not you hazard that.

Amint. Have ye your Champions?

Evad. Alas *Amintor*, thinkest thou I fo bear

To sleep with thee, because I have put on

The Maids Tragedy.

A maidens strictness? look upon these cheeks,
And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood
Unapt for such a vow; no, in this heart
There dwells as much desire, and as much will
To put that wish to act in practice, as ever yet
Was known to Woman, and they have been shown
Both; but it was the folly of thy youth,
To think this beauty (to what Land soe're
It shall be cal'd) shall stoop to any second.
I do enjoy the best, and in that height
Have sworn to stand or die: you guess the man.

Amint. No, let me know the man that wrongs me so,
That I may cut his body into mores,
And scatter it before the Northern wind.

Evad. You dare not strike him. *Amin.* Do not wrong me so;
Yes, if his body were a poysonous plant,
That it were death to touch, I have a soule
Will throw me on him. *Evad.* Why 'tis the King.

Amin. The King! *Evad.* What will you do now?

Amin. 'Tis not the King.

Evad. What, did he make this match for dull *Aminitor*?

Amin. Oh thou hast nam'd a word that wipes away
All thoughts revengeful: in that sacred name,
The King, there lies a terror: what frail man
Dares lift his hand against it? let the gods
Speak to him when they please; till when let us suffer and wait.

Evad. Why should you fill your self so full of heat,
And haste so to my bed? I am no Virgin.

Amin. What devil put it in thy fancy then
To marry me? *Evad.* Alas, I must have one
To father children, and to bear the name
Of Husband to me, that my sin may be more honourable.

Amint. What a strange thing am I?

Evad. A miserable one; one that my self am sorry for.

Amin. Why shew it then in this,
If thou hast pity, though thy love be none,
Kill me, and all true Lovers that shall live
In after ages crost in their desires,
Shall bless thy memory, and call thee good,
Because such mercy in thy heart was found,

The Maids Tragedy.

To rid a lingring Wretch. *Evad.* I must have one
To fill thy room again, if thou wert dead,
Else by this night I would : I pity thee.

Amin. These strange and sudden injuries have fallen
So thick upon me, that I lose all sense
Of what they are : methinks I am not wrong'd,
Nor is it ought, if from the censuring World
I can but hide it——Reputation,
Thou art a word, no more; but thou hast shown
An impudence so high, that to the World
I fear thou wilt betray or shame thy self.

Evad. To cover shame I took thee, never fear
That I would blaze my self. *Amin.* Nor let the King.
Know I conceive he wrongs me, then mine honour
Will thrust me into action; that my flesh
Could bear with patience; and it is some ease
To me in these extreams, that I knew this
Before I toucht thee; else had all the sinnes
Of mankind stood betwixt me and the King,
I had gone through 'em to his heart and thine.
I have lost one desire, 'tis not his crown
Shall buy me to thy bed : now I resolve
He has dishonour'd thee; give me thy hand,
Be careful of thy credit, and sin close,
'Tis all I wish; upon thy Chamber-floore
I'll rest to night, that morning visiters
May think we did as married people use.
And prethee smile upon me when they come,
And seem to toy, as if thou hadst been pleas'd
With what we did. *Evad.* Fear not, I will do this.

Amin. Come let us practice, and as wantonly
As ever loving Bride and Bridegroom met,
Lets laugh and enter here. *Evad.* I am content.

Amin. Down all the swellings of my troubled heart.
When we walk thus intwin'd, let all eyes see
If ever Lovers better did agree.

Exit.

Enter Aspatia, Antiphila, Olympias.

Assp. Away, you are not sad, force it no further;
Good gods, how well you look! such a full colour
Young bashful Brides put on: sure you are new married.

Assp.

The Maids Tragedy.

Ant. Yes Madam to your grief. *Asp.* Alas poor Wenches,
Go learn to love first, learn to lose your selves,
Learn to be flattered, and believe, and bless
The double tongue that did it;
Make a faith out of the miracles of Ancient Lovers.
Did you ne're love yet Wenches? speak *Olympias*,
Such as speak truth anddy'd in't,
And like me believe all faithful, and be miserable;
Thou hast an easie temper, fit for stamp.

Olymp. Never. *Asp.* Nor you *Antiphila*? *Ant.* Nor I.

Asp. Then my good Girles, be more than Women, wise. At
least be more than I was; and be sure you credit any thing the light
gives light to, before a man; rather believe the sea weeps for the
ruin'd Merchant when he roars; rather the winde courts but the
pregnant sails when the strong cordage cracks; rather the sun comes
but to kiss the fruit in Wealthy Autumn, when all falls blasted; if
you needs must love (forc'd by ill fate) take to your maiden bo-
somes two dead cold aspicks, and of them make Lovers, they can-
not flatter nor forswear; ore kiss makes a long peace for all; but
man, oh that beast man! Come let's be sad my girles;
That down cast of thine eye, *Olympias*,
Shews a fine sorrow; mark *Antiphila*,
Just such another was the Nymph *Oenone*,
When *Paris* brought home *Hellen*: now a tear,
And then thou art a piece expressing fully
The *Carthage* Queen, when from a cold Sea rock,
Full with her sorrow, she tyed fast her eyes
To the fair *Trojan* ships, and having lost them,
Just as thine eyes do, down stole a tear *Antiphila*;
What would this Wench do, if she were *Aspatia*?
Here she would stand, till some more pitying god
Turn'd her to marble: 'tis enough my Wench;
Shew me the piece of needle-work you wrought.

Ant. Of *Ariadne*, Madam? *Asp.* Yes that piece.
This should be *Thesens*, has a coufening face,
You meant him for a man. *Ant.* He was so Madam.

Asp. Why then 'tis well enough, never look back,
You have a full wind; and a false heart *Thesens*;
Does not the story say, his Keel was split,
Or his Masts spent, or some kind rock or other

The Maids Tragedy.

Met with his Vessel? *Ant.* Not as I remember.

Asp. It should ha been so; could the gods know this,
And not of all their number raise a storm?
But they are all as ill. This false smile was well exprest;
Just such another caught me; you shall not go so *Antiphila*;
In this place work a quick sand,
And over it a shallow smiling Water,
And his ship ploughing it, and then a fear.
Do that fear to the life Wench. *Ant.* 'Twil wrong the story.

Asp. 'Twil make the story wrong'd by wanton Poets.
Live long and be believ'd; but where's the Lady?

Ant. There Madam. *Asp.* Fie, you have mist it here *Antiphila*,
You are much mistaken Wench;
These colours are not dull and pale enough,
To shew a soul so full of misery
As this sad Ladies was; do it by me,
Do it againe by me the lost *Aspatia*,
And you shall finde all true but the wilde Island;
I stand upon the sea breach now, and think
Mine armes thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
Wilde as that desert, and let all about me;
Tell that I am forsaken, do my face
(If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)
Thus, thus, *Antiphila* strive to make me look
Like sorrows monument; and the trees about me,
Let them be dry and leaveless; let the Rocks
Groan with continual surges, and behind me
Make all a desolation; look, look Wenches,
A miserable life of this poor picture.

Olym. Dear Madam! *Asp.* I have done, sit down, and let us
Upon that point fix all our eyes, that point there;
Make a dull silence till you feel a sudden sadness
Give us new souls. *Enter Calianax.*

Cal. The King may do this, and he may not do it;
My child is wrong'd, disgrac'd: well, how now huswives?
What at your ease? is this a time to sit still? up you young
Lazie Whores, up or I'll swenge you. *Olym.* Nay, good my Lord.

Cal. You'll lie down shortly, get you in and work;
What are you grown so resty? you want eares,
We shall have some of the Court boyes do that Office.

The Maids Tragedy.

Ant. My Lord, we do no more than we are charg'd :
It is the Ladies pleasure we be thus in grief ;
She is forsaken. *Cal.* There's a Rogue too,
A young dissembling slave ; well, get you in,
Ile have a bout with that boy ; 'tis high time
Now to be valiant ; I confess my youth
Was never prone that way : what, made an Ass ?
A Court stale ? well I will be valiant,
And beat some dozen of these Whelps ; I will ; and there's
Another of 'em, a trim cheating souldier,
Ile maul that Rascal, has out-brav'd me twice ;
But now I thank the gods I am valiant ;
Go, get you in, Ile take a course withal. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Cleon, Strato, Diphilus.

CLE. Your sister is not up yet,

Diph. Oh, Brides must take their mornings rest,
The night is troublesome. *Stra.* But not tedious.

Diph. What ods, he has not my sisters maiden-head to night?

Stra. No, it's ods against any Bridegroom living, he ne're gets
it while he lives.

Diph. Y'are merry with my sister, you'll please to allow me
the same freedom with your mother.

Stra. Shee's at your service.

Diph. Then shee's merry enough of her self, she needs no tick-
ling; knock at the door. *Stra.* We shall interrupt them.

Diph. No matter, they have the year before them.
Good morrow sister; spare your self to day, the night will come a-
gaine. *Enter Amintor.*

Amin. Who's there, my brother? I am no readier yet, your
sister is but now up.

Diph. You look as you had lost your eyes to night ; I think you
ha not slept. *Amin.* I faith I have not.

Diph. You have done better then.

Amin. We ventured for a boy, when he is twelve,
A shall command against the foes of Rhodes.

Stra. You cannot, you want sleep. *afide.*

Amin.

The Maids Tragedy.

Amint. 'Tis true; but she
As if she had drunk *Lethe*, or had made
Even with heaven, did fetch so still a sleep,
So sweet and sound. *Diph.* What's that?

Amint. Your sister frets this morning, and does turn her eyes
upon me, as people on their headsmen; she does chafe, and kiss,
and chafe again, and clap my cheeks: she's in another world.

Diph. Then I had lost; I was about to lay, you had not got her
maiden-head to night.

Amin. Ha, he does not mock me; y'ad lost indeed;
I do not use to bungle. *Cleo.* You do deserve her.

Amin. I laid my lips to hers, and what wild breath
That was so rude and rough to me, last night *aside.*
Was sweet as *April*; Ile be guilty too,
If these be the effects.

Enter Melantius.

Mel. Good day *Amintor*, for to me the name
Of brother is too distant; we are friends,
And that is nearer. *Amin.* Dear *Melantius*!
Let me behold thee; is it possible?

Mel. What sudden gaze is this? *Amin.* 'Tis wondrous strange.

Mel. Why does thine eye desire so strict a view
Of that it knows so well? there's nothing here that is not thine.

Amin. I wonder much *Melantius*,
To see those noble looks that make me think
How vertuous thou art; and on the sudden
'Tis strange to me, thou shouldst have worth and honour,
Or not be base, and false, and treacherous,
And every ill. But—*Mel.* Stay, stay my friend,
I fear this sound will not become our loves; no more embrace me.

Amint. Oh mistake me not,
I know thee to be full of all those deeds
That we frail men call good: but by the course
Of nature thou shouldst be as quickly chang'd
As are the winds, dissembling as the Sea,
That now wears brows as smooth as Virgins be,
Tempting the Merchant to invade his face,
And in an hour calls his billows up,
And shoots 'em at the Sun, destroying all
A carries on him. O how near am I
To utter my sick thoughts!

aside.

The Maids Tragedy.

Mel. But why, my friend, should I be so by nature ?

Amin. I have wed thy sister, who hath vertuous thoughts
Enough for one whole family, and it is strange
That you should feel no want.

Mel. Believe me, this complement's too cunning for me.

Diph. What should I be then by the course of nature,
They having both robb'd me of so much vertue ?

Strat. O call the Bride, my Lord *Amintor*, that we may see her
blush, and turn her eyes down ; it is the prettiest sport.

Amin. *Evadne* ! *Evad.* My Lord!

Within.

Amin. Come forth my Love,
Your brothers do attend to wish you joy.

Evad. I am not ready yet. *Amin.* Enough, enough,

Evad. They'll mock me.

Amint. Faith thou shalt come in.

Enter Evadne.

Mel. Good morrow sister ; he that understands
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy.
You have enough, take heed you be not proud.

Diph. O sister, what have you done !

Evad. I done ! why, what have I done ?

Stra. My Lord *Amintor* swears you are no maid now.

Evad. Push ! *Strat.* I faith he does.

Evad. I knew I should be mockt. *Diph.* With a truth.

Evad. If 'twere to do again, in faith I would not marry.

Amin. Not I by heaven.

aside.

Diph. Sister, *Dula* swears she heard you cry two rooms off.

Evad. Fie how you talk ! *Diph.* Let's see you walk.

Evad. By my troth y'are spoil'd. *Mel.* *Amintor* !

Amin. Ha ! *Me* ! Thou art sad.

Amin. Who I ? I thank you for that, shall *Diphilus*, thou and I
sing a catch ? *Mel.* How ! *Amin.* Prethee lets.

Mel. Nay, that's too much the other way.

Amin. I am so lightned with my happiness: how dost thou Love?
kiss me. *Evad.* I cannot love you, you tell tales of me.

Amin. Nothing but what becomes us: Gentlemen,
Would you had all such Wives, and all the world,
That I might be no wonder ; y'are all sad ;
What, do you envie me ? I walk methinks
On water, and nere sink, I am so light.

Mel. Tis well you are so.

Amin.

The Maids Tragedy.

Amint. Well? how can I be other, when she looks thus?
Is there no musick there? let's dance.

Me. Why? this is strange, *Amin* or!

Amint. I do not know my self; yet I could wish my joy were less.

Diph. Ile marry too, if it will make one thus.

Evad. *Amin* or, haik. *aside.*

Amint. What sayes my Love? I must obey.

Evad. You do it scurvily, 'twil be perceiv'd.

Cle. My Lord, the King is here. *Enter King and Lis.*

Amin. Where? *Stra.* And his brother.

King. Good morrow all.

Amin or, joy on, joy fall thick upon thee;

And Madam, you are alter'd since I saw you,

I must salute you; you are now anothers;

How lik't you your nights rest? *Evad.* Ill Sir.

Amin. I! deed she took but little.

Lis. You'l let her take more, and thank her too shortly.

King. *Amin* or, wert thou truly honest till thou wert married?

Amint. Yes sir.

King. Tell me then, how shews the sport unto thee?

Amint. Why well. *King.* What did you do?

Amint. No more nor less than other couples use;

You know what 'tis; it has but a course name.

King. But prethee, I should think by her black eye,
And her red cheek, she should be quick and stirring
In this same business, ha?

Amin. I cannot tell, I ne're try'd o' her Sir, but I perceive
She is as quick as you delivered.

King. Well, you'l trust me then *Amin* or,
To choose a Wife for you agen?

Amin. No never sir.

King. Why? like you this so ill? *Amin.* So well I like her.

For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,

And unto heaven will pay my grateful tribute

Hourely, and do hope we shall draw out

A long contented life together here,

And die both full of gray hairs in one day;

For which the thanks is yours; but if the powers

That rule us, please to call her first away,

Without pride spoke, this World holds not a Wife

Worthy to take her room.

King.

The Maids Tragedy.

King. I do not like this ; all forbear the room
But you *Amintor* and your Lady. I have some speech with
You, that may concern your after living well.

Am. n. A will not tell me that he lies with her : if he do,
Something heavenly stay my heart, for I shall be apt
To thrust this arm of mine to acts unlawful.

King. You will suffer me to talk with her, *Amintor*,
And not have a jealous pang! *Amint.* Sir, I dare trust my Wife
With whom she dares to talk, and not be jealous.

King. How do you like *Amintor* ?

Evad. As I did sir.

King. How's that !

Evad. As one that to fulfil your will and pleasure,
I have given leave to call me Wife and Love.

King. I see there is no lasting faith in sin ;
They that break word with heaven, will break agen
With all the World, and so dost thou with me.

Evad. How sir ? *King.* This subtile Womans ignorance
Will not excuse you; thou hast taken Oaths
So great, methought they did not well become
A Womans mouth, that thou wouldst ne're enjoy
A man but me.

Evad. I never did swear so; you do me wrong.

King. Day and night have heard it.

Evad. I swore indeed that I would never love
A man of lower place ; but if your fortune
Should throw you from this height, I bade you trust
I would forsake you, and would bend to him
That won your Throne ; I love with my ambition,
Not with my eyes ; but if I ever yet
Toucht any other, Leprosie light here
Upon my face, which for your royalty I would not staine.

King. Why thou dissemblest, and it is in me to punish thee.

Evad. Why, it is in me then not to love you, which will
More afflict your body, than your punishment can mine.

King. But thou hast let *Amintor* lie with thee.

Evad. I hannot.

King. Impudence! he sayes himself so.

Evad. A lyes. *King.* A does not.

Evad. By this light he does, strangely and basely, and
Ile prove it so ; I did not shun him for a night,
But told him I would never close with him.

King.

The Maids Tragedy.

King. Speak lower, 'tis false.

Eva. I'm no man to answer with a blow;
Or if I were, you are the King; but urge me not, 'tis most true.

King. Do not I know the uncontrouled thoughts
That youth brings with him, when his blood is high
With expectation and desire of that

He long hath waited for? is not his spirit,
Though he be temperate, of a valiant strain,
As this our age hath known? what could he do,
If such a sudden speech had met his blood,
But ruine thee for ever? if he had not kild thee,
He could not bear it thus; he is as we,

Or any other wrong'd man. *Evad.* It is dissembling.

King. Take him; farewell; henceforth I am thy foe;
And what disgraces I can blot thee, look for.

Evad. Stay fir; *Amintor*! you shall hear, *Amintor*.

Amint. What my Love?

Evad. *Amintor*, thou hast an ingenious look,
And shouldst be vertuous; it amazeth me,
That thou canst make such base malicious lyes.

Amint. What my dear Wife?

Evad. Dear Wife! I do despise thee;
Why, nothing can be baser, than to sow
Dissention amongst Lovers?

Amin. Lovers! Who?

Evad. The King and me.

Amint. O heaven!

Evad. Who should live long, and love without distaste,
Were it not for such pickthanks as thy self!

Did you lie with me? swear now, and be punisht in hell
For this. *Amint.* The faithless sin I made

To fair *Aspatia*, is not yet reveng'd,
It follows me; I vwill not lose a vvord
To this vvild Woman; but to you my King,
The anguish of my soul thrusts out this truth;
Y'are a Tyrant; and not so much to vvrong
An honest man thus, as to take a pride
In talking vvith him of it.

Evad. Novv fir, see hovv loud this fellovv lyed.

Amint. You that can knowv to vvrong, should knowv hovv
Men must right themselves: vvhat punishment is due
From me to him that shall abuse my bed!

The Maids Tragedy.

It is not death ; nor can that satisfie ,
Unless I send your lives through all the Land,
To shew how nobly I have freed my self.

King. Draw not thy sword, thou knowest I cannot fear
A subjects hand ; but thou shalt feel the weight of this
If thou dost rage. *Amint.* The weight of that ?

If you have any worth, for heavens sake think

I fear not swords ; for as you are meer man,

I dare as easily kill you for this deed,

As you dare think to do it ; but there is

Divinity about you, that strikes dead

My rising passions: as you are my King,

I fall before you, and present my sword

To cut mine own flesh , if it be your will.

Alas ! I am nothing but a multitude

Of walking griefs ; yet should I murder you,

I might before the World take the excuse

Of madness : for compare my injuries,

And they will we'l appear too sad a weight

For reason to endure ; but fall I first

Amongst my sorrows, ere my treacherous hand

Touch holy things : but why ? I know not what

I have to say ; why did you choose out me

To make thus wretched ? there were thousands fools

Easie to work on, and of state enough within the Island.

Evad. I would not have a fool, it were no credit for me.

Amint. Worse and worse !

Thou that dur'st talk unto thy husband thus,

Profess thy self a Whore ; and more than so,

Resolve to be so still ; it is my fate

To bear and bow beneath a thousand griefs ;

To keep that little credit with the World.

But there were wise ones too, you might have tane another.

King. No ; for I believe thee honest, as thou wert valiant.

Amint. All the happiness

Bestow'd upon me, turns into disgrace ;

Gods take your honesty again, for I

Am loaden vvith it ; good my Lord the King, be private in it.

King. Thou may'st live *Amintor*,

Free as thy King, if thou vvilt vvink at this ,

And

The Maids Tragedy.

And be a means that vve may meet in secret.

Amint. A baud! hold, hold my breast, a bitter curse
Seize me, if I forget not all respects
That are Religious, on another word
Sounded like that, and through a sea of sinnes.
Will wade to my revenge, though I should call
Pains here, and after life upon my soul.

King. Well, I am resolute you lay not with her,
And so leave you.

Exit King.

Evad. You must be prating, and see what follows.

Amint. Prethee vex me not.
Leave me, I am afraid some sudden start
Will pull a murther on me.

Evad. I am gone; I love my life well.

Exit Evadne.

Amint. I hate mine as much.
This 'tis to break a troth; I should be glad
If all this tide of grief would make me mad.

Exit.

Enter Melantius.

Mel. Ile know the cause of all *Amintors* griefs,
Of friendship shall be idle.

Enter Calianax.

Cal. O *Melantius*, my daughter will die.

Mel. Trust me, I am sorry; would thou hadst tane her room.

Cal. Thou art a slave, a cut-throat slave, a bloody treache-
rous slave.

Melan. Take heed old man, thou wilt be heard to rave,
And lose thine Offices.

Cal. I am valiant grown
At all these years, and thou art but a slave.

Mel. Leave, some company will come, and I respect
Thy years, not thee so much, that I could wish
To laugh at thee alone.

Cal. Ile spoile your mirth, I mean to fight with thee;
There lie my Cloak, this was my fathers Sword,
And he durst fight; are you prepar'd?

Mel. Why? wilt thou doat thy self out of thy life?
Hence get thee to bed, have careful looking to, and eate warme
things, and trouble not me: my head is full of thoughts more
weighty than thy life or death can be.

Cal. You have a name in Warre, when you stand safe
Amongst a multitude; but I will try
What you dare do unto a weak old man.

The Maids Tragedy.

In single fight ; you'l ground I fear : Come draw .

Mel. I will not draw , unless thou put'st thy death
Upon thee with a stroke ; there's no one blow
That thou canst give, hath strength enough to kill me.
Tempt me not so farre then ; the power of earth
Shall not redeem thee.

Cal. I must let him alone,
He's stout and able ; and to say the truth,
However I may set a face, and talk,
I am not valiant : when I was a youth,
I kept my credit with a testie trick I had,
Amongst cowards, but durst never fight.

Mel. I will not promise to preserve your life if you do stay.

Cal. I would give half my Land that I durst fight with that proud
man a little : if I had men to hold, I would beat him , till he ask
me mercy.

Mel. Sir, will you be gone ?

Cal. I dare not stay, but I will go home, and beat my servants
all over for this.

Exit Calianax.

Mel. This old fellow haunts me ,
But the distracted carriage of mine *Amintor*
Takes deeply on me, I will find the cause ;
I fear his conscience cries, he wrong'd *Aspatia*.

Enter Amintor.

Amint. Mens eyes are not so subtil to perceive
My inward misery ; I bear my grief
Hid from the World ; how art thou wretched then ?
For ought I know, all husbands are like me ;
And every one I talk with of his Wife,
Is but a well dissembler of his woes
As I am ; would I knew it, for the rareness afflicts me now.

Mel. *Amintor*, We have not enjoy'd our friendship of late, for
we were wont to charge our souls in talk.

Amint. *Melantius*, I can tell thee a good jest of *Strato* and a
Lady the last day.

Mel. How wast ?

Amint. Why such an odd one.

Mel. I have long'd to speak with you , not of an idle jest that's
forc'd, but of matter you are bound to utter to me.

Amint. What is that my friend ?

Mel. I have observ'd, your words fall from your tongue
Wildly ; and all your carriage

The Maids Tragedy.

Like one that strove to shew his merry mood,
When he were ill-dispos'd: you were not wont
To put such scorn into your speech, or wear
Upon your face ridiculous jollity:
Some sadness fits here, which your cunning would
Cover o're with smiles, and 'twil not be. What is it?

Amint. A sadness here! what cause
Can fate provide for me, to make me so?
Am I not lov'd through all this Isle? the King
Raines greatness on me: have I not received
A Lady to my bed, that in her eye
Keeps mounting fire, and on her tender cheeks
Inevitable colour, in her heart
A prison for all vertue? are not you,
Which is above all joyes, my constant friend?
What sadness can I have? no, I am light,
And feel the courses of my blood more warm
And stirring than they were; faith marry too,
And you will feele so unexpress'd a joy
In chaste embraces, that you will indeed appear another.

Mel. You may shape, *Aminter*,
Causes to cozen the whole world withal,
And your self too; but 'tis not like a friend,
To hide your soul from me; 'tis not your nature
To be thus idle; I have seen you stand
As you were blasted; midst of all your mirth,
Cail thrice aloud, and then start, faining joy
So coldly: World! what do I here? a friend
Is nothing: Heaven! I would ha told that man
My secret finnes; Ile search an unknown Land,
And there plant friendship, all is withered here;
Come with a complement, I would have fought,
Or told my friend a lyed, ere sooth'd him so;
Out of my bosome. *Amint.* But there is nothing.

Mel. Worse and worse; farewell;
From this time have acquaintance, but no friend.

Amint. *Melantius*, stay, you shall know what that is.

Mel. See how you play'd with friendship; be advis'd
How you give cause unto your self to say, You ha lost a friend.

Amint. Forgive what I have done;

The Maids Tragedy.

For I am so ore-gone with injuries
Unheard of, that I lose consideration
Of what I ought to do. — oh — oh.

Melan. Do not weep; what is't?
May I once but know the man
Hath turn'd my friend thus?

Amint. I had spoke at first, but that.

Mel. But what?

Amint. I held it most unfit
For you to know; faith do not know it yet.

Mel. Thou see'st my love, that will keep company
With thee in teares; hide nothing then from me;
For when I know the cause of thy distemper,
With mine own armour Ile adorn my self,
My resolution, and cut through thy foes,
Unto thy quiet, till I place thy heart
As peaceable as spotless innocence. What is it?

Amint. Why, 'tis this, — it is too big
To get out, let my teares make way awhile.

Mel. Punish me strangely heaven, if he escape
Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this.

Amint. Your sister. *Mel.* Well said.

Amint. You'l wish 'c unknown, when you have heard it.

Mel. No. *Amint.* Is much too blame,
And to the King has given her honour up,
And lives in Whoredome with him. *Mel.* How, this!
Thou art run mad with injury indeed,
Thou could'st not utter this else; speak again,
For I forgive it freely; tell thy griefs.

Amint. She's wanton; I am loth to say a Whore,
Though it be true.

Mel. Speak yet againe, before mine anger grow
Up beyond throwing down; vvhhat are thy griefs?

Amint. By all our friendship, these.

Mel. VVhat? am I rane?

After mine actions, shall the name of friend
Blot all our family, and strike the brand
Of VVhore upon my sister unreveng'd?
My shaking flesh be thou a VVitnes for me;
VVith vvhhat unvvillingness I go to scourge
This rayler, vvhom my folly hath cal'd friend;

The Maids Tragedy.

I will not take thee basely; thy sword
Hangs near thy hand, draw it, that I may whip
Thy rashness to repentance; draw thy sword.

Amin. Not on thee, did thine anger swell as high
As the wilde surges; thou shouldst do me ease
Here, and eternally, if thy noble hand
Would cut me from my sorrows.

Mel. This is base and fearful! they that use to utter lyes,
Provide not blows, but words to qualifie
The men they wrong'd; thou hast a guilty cause.

Amin. Thou pleasest me; for so much more like this,
Will raise my anger up above my griefs,
Which is a passion easier to be borne,
And I shall then be happy.

Mel. Take then more to raise thine anger. 'Tis meer
Cowardize makes thee not draw; and I will leave thee dead
However; but if thou art so much prest
With guilt and fear, as not to dare to fight,
Ile make thy memory loath'd, and fix a scandal
Upon thy name for ever.

Amin. Then I draw,
As justly as our Magistrates their Swords,
To cut offenders off; I knew before
'Twould grate your ears; but it was base in you
To urge a weighty secret from your friend,
And then rage at it; I shall be at ease
If I be kild; and if you fall by me,
I shall not long out-live you.

Mel. Stay a while,
The name of friend is more than family,
Or all the World besides; I was a fool.
Thou searching humane nature, that didst wake
To do me wrong, thou art inquisitive,
And thrusts me upon questions that will take
My sleep away; would I had died ere known
This sad dishonour; pardon me my friend;
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart,
Pierce it, for I will never heave my hand
To thine; behold the power thou hast in me!
I do believe my sister is a Whore,
A Leprous one, put up thy sword young man.

Amin. How should I bear it then, she being so?

The Maids Tragedy.

I fear my friend that you will lose me shortly ;

And I shall do a foul act on my self

Through these disgraces.

Mel. Better half the Land

Were buried quick together ; no, *Amintor*,

Thou shalt have ease : O this adultrous King

That drew her to't ! where got he the spirit

To wrong me so ?

Amint. What is it then to me,

If it be wrong to you !

Mel. Why, not so much : the credit of our house

Is thrown away ;

But from his Iron Den I'll waken death,

And hurle him on this King ; my honesty

Shall steel my sword, and on its horrid point

I'll weave my cause, that shall amaze the eyes

Of this proud man, and be too glittering

For him to look on.

Amin. I have quite undone my fame.

Mel. Drie up thy watry eyes,

And cast a manly look upon my face ;

For nothing is so wilde as I thy friend

Till I have freed thee ; still this swelling breast ;

I go thus from thee, and will never cease

My vengeance, till I finde my heart at peace.

Amin. It must not be so ; stay, mine eyes would tell

How loth I am to this ; but love and teares

Leave me a while, for I have hazarded

All this World calls happy ; thou hast wrought

A secret from me under name of Friend,

Which Art could ne're have found, nor torture wrung

From out my bosome ; give it me agen,

For I will finde it, wheresoe're it lies

Hid in the mortal'st part ; invent a way to give it back.

Mel. Why, would you have it back ?

I will to death pursue him with revenge.

Amint. Therefore I call it back from thee ; for I know

Thy blood so high, that thou wilt stirre in this, and shame me

To posterity : take to thy Weapon.

Mel. Hear thy friend, that bears more years than thou.

Amint. I will not hear : but draw, or I —

Mel. *Amintor!*

Amint. Draw then, for I am full as resolute

As fame and honour can inforce me be ;

The Maids Tragedy.

I cannot linger, draw. *Mel.* I do——but is not
My share of credit equal with thine if I do stirre?

Amint. No; for it will be cal'd
Honour in thee to spill thy sisters blood,
If she her birth abuse, and on the King
A brave revenge: but on me that have walkt
With patience in it, it will fix the name
Of fearful Cuckold——O that word! be quick.

Mel. Then joyn with me.

Amin. I dare not do a sinne, or else I would: be speedy.

Mel. Then dare not fight with me, for that's a sin.
His grief distracts him; call thy thoughts agen,
And to thy self pronounce the name of friend,
And see what that will work; I will not fight.

Amint. You must.

Mel. I will be kild first, though my passions
Offerd the like to you; 'tis not this earth
Shall buy my reason to it; think a while,
For you are (I must weep when I speak that)
Almost besides your self.

Amin. Oh my soft temper!
So many sweet words from thy sisters mouth,
I am afraid would make me take her
To embrace, and pardon her. I am mad indeed,
And know not what I do; yet have a care
Of me in what thou doest.

Mel. Why thinks my friend I will forget his honour, or to save
The bravery of our house, will lose his fame,
And fear to touch the Throne of Majesty?

Amint. A curse will follow that, but rather live
And suffer with me.

Mel. I will do what worth shall bid me, and no more.

Amint. Faith I am sick, and desperately I hope,
Yet leaning thus, I feel a kind of ease.

Mel. Come take agen your mirth about you.

Amint. I shall never do't.

Mel. I warrant you, look up, wee'l walk together,
Put thine arm here, all shall be well agen.

Amint. Thy Love, O wretched, I thy Love, *Melantius*; why,
I have nothing else.

Mel. Be merry then.

Exeunt. Enter Melantius agen.
Mel.

The Maids Tragedy.

Mel. This worthy young man may do violence
Upon himself, but I have cherish'd him,
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me
To counterfeit again; Sword hold thine edge,
My heart will never fail me: *Diphilus*,
Thou com'st as sent.

Enter Diphilus.

Diph. Yonder has been such laughing.

Mel. Betwixt whom?

Diph. Why, our sister and the King,
I thought their spleens would break,
They laugh'd us all out of the room.

Mel. They must weep, *Diphilus*.

Diph. Must they?

Mel. They must: thou art my brother, and if I did believe
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,
Lie where it durst.

Diph. You should not, I would first mangle my self, and find it.

Mel. That was spoke according to our straine; come
Joyne thy hands to mine,
And sweare a firmness to what project I shall lay before thee.

Diph. You do wrong us both;
People hereafter shall not say there past
A bond more than our loves, to tie our lives
And deaths together.

Mel. It is as nobly said as I would wish;
Anon Ile tell you wonders; we are wrong'd.

Diph. But I will tell you now, wee'll right our selves.

Mel. Stay not, prepare the armour in my house;
And what friends you can draw unto our side,
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too;
Haste *Diphilus*, the time requires it, haste.
I hope my cause is just, I know my blood
Tells me it is, and I will credit it:

Exit Diphilus.

To take revenge, and lose my self withal,
Were idle; and to scape impossible,
Without I had the fort, which misery
Remain'g in the hands of my old enemy
Calianax, but I must have it, see

Enter Calianax.

Where he comes shaking by me: good my Lord,
Forget your spleen to me, I never wrong'd you,
But would have peace with every man.

Cal. 'Tis well;
If

The Maids Tragedy.

If I durst fight, your tongue would lie at quiet.

Mel. Y'are touchie without all cause. *Cal.* Do, mock me.

Mel. By mine honour I speak truth.

Cal. Honour? where ist?

Mel. See what starts you make into your hatred to my love and freedom to you. —————

I come with resolution to obtain a suit of you.

Cal. A sute of me! 'tis very like it should be granted, sir.

Mel. Nay, go not hence;

'Tis this; you have the keeping of the Fort,

And I would wish you by the love you ought

To bear unto me, to deliver it into my hands.

Cal. I am in hope that thou art mad, so talk to me thus.

Mel. But there is a reason to move you to it. I would kill the King that wrong'd you and your daughter.

Cal. Out traytor!

Mel. Nay but stay; I cannot scape, the deed once done,
Without I have this fort.

Cal. And should I help thee? now thy treacherous mind betrays itself. *Mel.* Come, delay me not;

Give me a sudden answer, or already

Thy last is spoke; refuse not offered love,

When it comes clad in secrets.

Cal. If I say I will not, he will kill me, I do see't writ
In his looks; and should I say I will, heel run and tell the
King: I do not thin your friendship dear *Melantius*,
But this cause is weighty, give me but an hour to think.

Mel. Take it, — I know this goes unto the King,
But I am arm'd. *Exit Melantius.*

Cal. Me thinks I feel my self
But twenty now agen; this fighting fool
Wants policie; I shall revenge my girl,
And make her red again; I pray, my leggs
Will last that pace that I will carry them,
I shall want breath before I find the King.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Melantius, Evade, and a Lady.

M *Elant.* Save you.

Evad. Save you sweet brother.

F

Mel.

The Maids Tragedy.

Mel. In my blunt eye me thinks you look *Evadne*.

Ev. d. Come, you would make me blush.

Mel. I would *Evadne*, I shall displease my ends else.

Evad. You shall if you command me; I am bashful;
Come Sir, how do I look?

Mel. I would not have your women hear me
Break into commendation of you, 'tis not seemly.

Evad. Go wait me in the Gallerie —— now speak.

Mel. Ile lock the door first.

Exeunt Ladies.

Evad. Why?

Mel. I will not have your gilded things that dance in visitation with their Millian skins choke up my business.

Evad. You are strangely dispos'd Sir.

Mel. Good Madam, not to make you merry.

Evad. No, if you praise me, 'twill make me sad.

Mel. Such a sad commendation I have for you.

Evad. Brother, the Court hath made you wittie,
And learn to riddle.

Mel. I praise the Court for't; has it learned you nothing?

Evad. Me? *Mel.* I *Evadne*, thou art young and handsome,
A Ladie of a sweet complexion,
And such a flowing carriage, that it cannot
Chuse but inflame a Kingdom. *Evad.* Gentle brother!

Mel. 'Tis yet in thy remembrance foolish woman,
To make me gentle. *Evad.* How is this?

Mel. 'Tis base,
And I could blush at these years, thorough all
My honour'd scars, to come to such a parlie.

Evad. I understand you not. *Mel.* You dare not fool;
They that commit thy faults, fly the remembrance.

Evad. My faults Sir, I would have you know I care not.
If they were written here, here in my forehead.

Mel. Thy bodie is too little for the storie,
The lusts of which would fill another woman,
Though she had twins within her. *Evad.* This is savvie;
Look you intrude no more, there lies your way.

Mel. Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,
Till I find truth out.

Evad. What truth is that you look for?

Mel. Thy long lost honor: would the gods had set me
Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand

The Maids Tragedy.

One of their lowdest bolts; come tell me quickly,
Do it without enforcement, and take heed
You swell me not above my temper.

Evad. How Sir? where got you this report?

Mel. Where there was people in every place.

Evad. They and the seconds of it are base people;
Believe them not, they lyed.

Mel. Do not play with mine anger, do not wretch,
I come to know that desperate fool that drew thee
From thy fair life; bewise, and lay him open.

Evad. Unhind me, and learn manners, such another
Forgetfulness forfeits your life.

Mel. Quench me this mightie humour, and then tell me
Whose whore you are, for you are one, I know it.
Let all mine honours perish but Ile find him,
Though he lie lockt up in thy blood; be sudden;
There is no facing it, and be not flattered;
The burnt ayre when the *Dog* raigns, is not fouler
Than thy contagious name, till thy repentance
(If the gods grant thee any) purge thy sickness.

Evad. Be gone, you are my brother, that's your safetie.

Mel. Ile be a wolf first; 'tis to be thy brother
An infamie below the sin of a coward:
I am as far from being part of thee,
As thou art from thy vertue; seek a kindred
Mongst sensual beasts, and make a goat thy brother,
A goat is cooler; will you tell me yet?

Evad. If you stay here and rail thus, I shall tell you,
Ile ha you whipt; get you to your command,
And there preach to your Centinels,
And tell them what a brave man you are; I shall laugh at you.

Mel. Y^e are grown a glorious whore; where be your
Fighters? what mortal fool durst raise thee to this daring,
And I alive? by my; just sword, ha'd safer
Bestride a Billow when the angry North
Plovvs up the sea, or made heavens fire his food;
Work me no higher will you discover yet?

Evad. The fellow's mad, sleep and speak sense.

Mel. Force my svvoln heart no further; I would save thee; your
great maintainers are not here, they dare not, would they were all,

The Maids Tragedy.

and armed, I would speak lowd; here's one should thunder to'em : will you tell me ? thou hast no hope to scape; he that dares most, and dams away his soul to do thee service, will sooner fetch meat from a hungry Lion, than come to rescue thee; thou hast death about thee : has undone thine honour, poyson'd thy vertue, and of a lovelie rose, left thee a canker.

Evad. Let me consider.

Mel. Do, whose child thou wert, Whose honour thou hast murdered, whose grave open'd,

2 They must restore him flesh agen and life,

1 And so puld on the gods, that in their justice

And raise his dry bones to revenge his scandal.

Evad. The gods are not of my mind; they had better let'em lie sweet still in the earth; they'll stink here.

Mel. Do you raise much out of my easiness?

For sake me then all weakneses of nature,

That make men women; Speak you whore, speak truth,

Or by the dear soul of thy sleeping Father,

This sword shall be thy lover; tell, or Ile kill thee;

And when thou hast told all, thou wilt deserve it.

Evad. You will not murder me!

Mel. No, 'tis a justice, and a noble one,

To put the light out of such base offenders.

Evad. Help!

Mel. By thy foul self, no humane help shall help thee,

If thou criest; when I have kild thee, as I have

Vow'd to do, if thou confests not, naked as thou hast left

Thine honour, will I leave thee,

That on thy branded flesh the world may read

Thy black shame, and my justice; wilt thou bend yet?

Evad. Yes.

Mel. Up and begin your story.

Evad. Oh I am miserable.

Mel. 'Tis true, thou art, speak truth still.

Evad. I have offended, noble sir; forgive me.

Mel. With what secure slave?

Evad. Do not ask me sir,

— Mine own remembrance is a misery too mightie for me.

Mel. Do not fall back again; my sword's unsheath'd yet.

Evad. What shall I do?

Mel. Be true, and make your fault less.

Evad. I dare not tell.

Mel. Tell, or Ile be this day a killing thee.

Evad. Will you forgive me then?

Mel.

The Maids Tragedy.

Mel. Stay, I must ask mine honour first, I have too much foolish nature in me; speak. *Evad.* Is there none else here?

Mel. None but a fearful conscience, that's too many. Who ist?

Evad. O hear me gently; it was the King.

Mel. No more. My worthy father's and my services
Are liberally rewarded! King, I thank thee,
For all my dangers and my wounds, thou hast paid me
In my one mettall: these are souldiers thanks.
How long have you liv'd thus *Evadne*? *Evad.* Too long.

Mel. Too late you find it; can you be sorry?

Evad. Would I were half as blameless.

Mel. *Evadne*, thou wilt to thy trade again.

Evad. First to my grave.

Mel. Would gods th'hadst been so blest:
Dost thou not hate this King now? prethee hate him:
Couldst thou not curse him? I command thee curse him,
Curse till the gods hear, and deliver him

To thy just wishes; yet I fear *Evadne*,

You had rather play your game out.

Evad. No, I feele
Too many sad confusions here to let in any loose flame hereafter.

Mel. Dost thou not feel amongst all those one brave anger
That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm to kill this base King?

Evad. All the gods forbid it.

Mel. No, all the gods require it, they are dishonoured in him.

Evad. 'Tis too fearful.

Mel. Y'are valiant in his bed, and bold enough
To be a stale whore, and have your Madams name
Discourse for grooms and pages, and hereafter
When his cool Majestie hath laid you by,
To be at pension with some needy Sir
For meat and courser clothes, thus far you know no fear.
Come, you shall kill him.

Evad. Good sir!

Mel. And 'twere to kiss him dead, thou'd smother him;
Be wise and kill him: Canst thou live and know
What noble minds shall make thee see thy self
Found out with every finger, made the shame
Of a'l successions, and in this great ruine
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken?
Thou shalt not live thus; kneel and swear to help me:
When I shall call thee to it, or by all

The Maids Tragedy.

Holy in heaven and earth, thou shalt not live
To breath a full hour longer, not a thought :
Come 'tis a righteous oath; give me thy hand,
And both to heaven held up, swear by that wealth
This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,
To let this foule soul out. *Evad.* Here I swear it,
And all you spirits of abused Ladies
Help me in this performance.

Mel. Enough; this must be known to none
But you and I *Evadne*; not to your Lord,
Though he be wise and noble, and a fellow
Dares step as far into a worthy action,
As the most daring, I as far as justice.
Ask me not why. Farewell. *Exit, Mel.*

Evad. Would I could say so to my black disgrace,
Oh where have I been all this time ! how friended,
That I should lose my self thus desperately,
And none for pity shew me how I wandred ?
There is not in the compass of the light
A more unhappy creature; sure I am monstrous,
For I have done those follies, those mad mischiefs,
Would dare a woman. O my loaden soul,
Be not so cruel to me, choake not up
The way to my repentance. O my Lord. *Enter Amintor.*
Amin. How now ?

Evad. My much abused Lord ! *Kneels.*

Amin. This cannot be.

Evad. I do not kneel to live, I dare not hope it;
The wrongs I did are greater; look upon me
Though I appear with all my faults. *Amin.* Stand up.
This is no new way to beget more sorrow;
Heaven knows I have too many; do not mock me;
Though I am tame and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster-brothers, I may leap
Like a hand-wolfe into my natural wilderness,
And do an out-rage; prethee do not mock me.

Evad. My w^{ole} life is so leproous, it infects
All my repentance; I would buy your pardon
Though at the highest set, even with my life;
That slight contrition, that's no sacrifice
For what I have committed. *Amin.* Sure I dazle;

There

The Maids Tragedy.

There cannot be a faith in that foule woman
That knows no God more mighty than her mischiefs;
Thou dost still worst, still number on thy faults,
To presse my poor heart thus. Can I believe
There's any seed of vertue in that woman
Left to shoot up, that dares go on in sin
Known, and so known as thine is, O *Evadne*!
Would there were any safety in thy sex,
That I might put a thousand sorrows off,
And credit thy repentance; but I must not;
Thou hast brought me to the dull calamity,
To that strange misbelief of all the world,
And all things that are in it, that I fear
I shall fall like a tree, and find my grave,
Onely remembring that I grieve. *Evad.* My Lord,
Give me your griefs; you are an innocent,
A soule as white as heaven; let not my sins
Perish your noble youth; I do not fall here
To shadow by dissembling with my tears,
As all say women can, or to make less
What my hot will hath done, which heaven and you
Knows to be tougher than the hand of time
Can cut from mans remembrance; no I do not;
I do appear the same, the same *Evadne*,
Drest in the shames I liv'd in, the same monster:
But these are names of honour, to what I am;
I do present my self the foulest creature,
Most poysonous, dangerous, and despis'd of men,
Lerna ere bred, or *Nilus*; I am hell,
Till you, my dear Lord, shoot your light into me,
The beams of your forgiveness; I am soul-sick,
And whether with the fear of one condemn'd,
Till I have got your pardon. *Amin.* Rise *Evadne*.
Those heavenly powers that put this good into thee,
Grant a continuance of it; I forgive thee;
Make my self worthy of it, and take heed,
Take heed *Evadne* this be serious;
Mock not the powers above, that can and dare
Give thee a great example of their justice.
To all ensuing eyes, if thou plai'st

The Maids Tragedy.

With thy repentance, the best sacrifice.

Evad. I have done nothing good to win belief,
My life hath been so faithless; all the creatures
Made for heavens honours have their ends, and good ones,
All but the coufening *Crocodiles*, false women;
They reign here like those plagues, those killing forces
Men pray against; and when they die, like tales
Ill told, and unbeleev'd, they passe away,
And go to dust forgotten: But my Lord,
Those short dayes I shall number to my rest,
(As many must not see me) shall though too late,
Though in my evening, yet perceive a will,
Since I can do no good because a woman,
Reach constantly at some thing that is near it;
I will redeem one minute of my age,
Or like another *Niobe* Ile weep till I am water.

Amin. I am now dissolved:

My frozen soul melts: may each sin thou hast,
Find a new mercy: Rise, I am at peace:
Hadst thou been thus, thus excellently good,
Before that diuel King tempted thy frailty,
Sure thou hadst made a star; give me thy hand;
From this time I will know thee, and as far
As honour gives me leave, be thy *Aminitor*;
When we meet next, I will salute thee fairly,
And pray the gods to give thee happie dayes;
My charitie shall go along with thee,
Though my embraces must be far from thee.
I should ha' kild thee, but this sweet repentance
Locks up my vengeance, for which thus I kiss thee,
The last kis we must take; and would to heaven
The holy Priest that gave our hands together,
Had given us equal vertues; go *Evadne*,
The gods thus part our bodies; have a care
My honour falls no farther, I am well then.

Evad. All the dear joyes here, and above hereafter
Crown thy fair soul; thus I take leave my Lord,
And never shall you see the foule *Evadne*
Till sh'ave tryed all honoured means that may

The Maids Tragedy.

Set her in rest, and wash her stains away.

Banquet. Enter King, Calianax.

Exeunt.

Hoboyes play within.

King. I cannot tell how I should credit this
From you that are his enemy.

Cal. I am sure he said it to me, and Ile justifie it
What way he dares oppose, but with my sword.

King. But did he break without all circumstance
To you his foe, that he would have the Fort
To kill me, and then escape?

Cal. If he denie it, Ile make him blush.

King. It sounds incredibly.

Cal. I, so does every thing I say of late.

King. Not so *Calianax.* *Cal.* Yes I should sit
Mute, whilst a Rogue with strong arms cuts your throat.

King. Well I will trie him, and if this be true
Ile pawn my life Ile find it; ift be false,
And that you clothe your hate in such a lie,
You shall hereafter doat in your own house, not in the Court.

Cal. Why if it be a lie,
Mine ears are false; for Ile be sworn I heard it:
Old men are good for nothing; you were best
Put me to death for hearing, and free him
For meaning of it; you would a trusted me
Once, but the time is altered.

King. And will still where I may do with justice to the world;
You have no witness. *Cal.* Yes, my self.

King. No more I mean there were that heard it.

Cal. How no more? would you have no more? why am not
I enough to hang a thousand Rogues?

King. But so you may hang honest men too if you please.

Cal. I may, 'tis like I will do so; there are a hundred will swear it
for a need too, if I say it. *King.* Such witnesses we need not.

Cal. And 'tis hard if my Word cannot hang a boisterous knave.

King. Enough; wher's *Strato*? *S. ra.* Sir! *Enter Strato.*

King. Why where's all the company? call *Amintor* in.

Evadne, where's my brother, and *Melantius*?

Bid him come too, and *Diphilus*; call all

Exit Strato.

That are without there; if he should desire

The combat of you, 'tis not in the power

Of all our Laws to hinder it, unless we mean to quit'em.

The Maids Tragedy.

Cal. Why if you do think
'Tis fit an old man and a Counsellor,
To fight for what he sayes, then you may grant it.

Enter Amin. Evad. Mel. Diph. Lipsi. Cle. Stra. Diag.

King. Come firs, *Amin* thou art yet a Bridegroom,
And I will use thee so; thou shalt sit down;
Evadne sit, and you *Amin* or too;

This banquet is for you fir: Who has brought
A merry tale about him, to raise laughter
Amongst our wine? why *Strato* where art thou?
Thou wilt chop out with them unseasonably
When I desire'em not.

Strato. 'Tis my ill luck Sir, so to spend them then.

King. Reach me a boule of wine: *Melantius*, thou art sad.

Amin. I should be Sir the merriest here,
But I ha nere a story of mine own
Worth telling at this time.

King. Give me the wine.

Melantius, I am now considering
How easie 'twere for any man we trust
To poyson one of us in such a boule.

Mel. I think it were not hard Sir, for a knave.

Cal. Such as you are.

King. I faith 'twere easie, it becomes us well
To get plain dealing men about our selves,
Such as you all are here; *Amin*or, to thee
And to thy fair *Evadne*.

Mel. Have you thought of this *Calianax*?

Cal. Yes marry have I. *Mel.* And what's your resolution? *aside.*

Cal. Ye shall have it soundly?

King. Reach to *Amin*or, *Strato*. *Amin.* Here my love,
This wine will do thee wrong, for it will set
Blushes upon thy cheeks, and till thou dost a fault, 'twere pittie.

King. Yet I wonder much
Of the strange desperation of these men,
That dare attempt such acts here in our state;
He could not escape that did it.

Mel. Were he known, impossible.

King. It would be known, *Melantius*.

Mel. It ought to be, if he got then away

The Maids Tragedy.

He must wear all our lives upon his sword,
He need not flie the Iland, he must leave no one alive.

King. No, I should think no man
Could kill me and scape clear; but that old man.

Cal. But I? heaven bless me; I, should I my Liege?

King. I do not think thou wouldst, but yet thou might'st,
For thou hast in thy hands the means to scape,
By keeping of the Fort; he has, *Melantius*, and he has kept it well.

Mel. From cobwebs Sir,
'Tis clean swept; I can find no other art
In keeping of it now, 'twas nere besieg'd since he commanded.

Cal. I shall be sure of your good word,
But I have kept it safe from such as you.

Mel. Keep your ill temper in,
I speak no malice; had my brother kept it I should ha sed as much.

King. You are not merry, brother; drink wine;
Sit you all still! *Calianax*, *aside.*
I cannot trust thus; I have thrown out words
That would have fetcht warm blood upon the cheeks
Of guilty men, and he is never mov'd, he knows no such thing.

Cal. Impudence may scape, when feeble vertue is accus'd.

King. A must, if he were guilty, feel an alteration
At this our whisper, whilst we point at him,
You see he does not. *Cal.* Let him hang himself,
What care I what he does; this he did say.

King. *Melantius*, you cannot easily conceive
What I have meant; for men that are in fault
Can subtrly apprehend when others aime.
At what they do amiss; but I forgive
Freely before this man; heaven do so too;
I will not touch thee so much as with shame
Of telling it, let it be so no more.

Cal. Why this is very fine. *Mel.* I cannot tell
What 'tis you mean, but I am apt enough
Rudely to thrust into ignorant fault,
But let me know it; happily 'tis naught
But misconstruction, and where I am clear
I will not take forgiveness of the gods, much less of you.

King. Nay if you stand so stiffe, I shall call back my mercy.

Mel. I want smoothness

The Maids Tragedy.

To thank a man for pardoning of a crime I never knew.

King. Not to instruct your knowledge, but to shew you my ears are every where, you meant to kill me, and get the Fort to scape.

Mel. Pardon me Sir; my bluntness will be pardoned;
You preserve

A race of idle people here about you,
Eaters, and talkers, to defame the worth
Of those that do things worthy; the man that uttered this
Had perisht without food, bee't who it will,
But for this arm that fens't him from the foe.
And if I thought you gave a faith to this,
The plainness of my nature would speak more;
Give me a pardon (for you ought to do't).
To kill him that spake this.

Cal. I that will be end of all,
Then I am fairly paid for all my care and service.

Mel. That old man who calls me enemy, and of whom I
(Though I will never match my hate so low)
Have no good thought, would yet I think excuse me,
And swear he thought me wrongd in this.

Cal. Who I, thou shameless fellow! didst thou not speak to me
of it thy self?

Mel. O then it came from him.

Cal. From me! who should it come from but from me?

Mel. Nay, I believe your malice is enough,
But I ha lost my anger. Sir, I hope you are well satisfied.

King. Lisip. Chear *Amintr* and his Lady; there's no sound
Come from you; I will come and do't my self.

Amintr. You have done already Sir for me, I thank you.

King. *Melantius*, I do credit this from him,
How slight so ere you mak't.

Cal. 'Tis strange you should.

Mel. 'Tis strange he should believe an old mans word,
That never lied in his life.

Mel. I talk not to thee;
Shall the wild words of this distempered man,
Frantick with age and sorrow, make a breach
Betwixt your Majestie and me? 'twas wrong
To hearken to him; but to credit him
As much, at least, as I have power to bear.

The Maids Tragedy.

But pardon me, whilst I speak only truth,
I may commend my self — I have bestow'd
My careless blood with you, and should be loth
To think an action that would make me lose
That, and my thanks too: when I was a boy,
I thrust my self into my Countries cause,
And did a deed that pluckt five years from time;
And stil'd me man then; And for you my King,
Your subjects all have fed by vertue of my arm.
This sword of mine hath plow'd the ground,
And reapt the fruit in peace;
And you your self have liv'd at home in ease:
So terrible I grew, that without swords
My name hath fetcht you conquest, and my heart
And limbs are still the same; my will is great
To do you service: let me not be paid
With such a strange distrust.

King. Melantius, I held it great injustice to believe
Thine enemy, and did not; if I did,
I do not, let that satisfie: what struck
With sadness all? More wine!

Cal. A few fine words have overthrow'n my truth:
A th'art a villain.

Mel. Why thou wert better let me have the Fort,
Dotard, I will disgrace thee thus for ever;
There shall no credit lie upon thy words;
Think better and deliver it.

Cal. My Liege, he's at me now agen to do it; speak,
Denie it if thou canst; examine him
Whilst he's hot, for he's cool agen, he will forswear it.

King. This is lunacie I hope, *Melantius*.

Mel. He hath lost himself.
Much since his daughter mist the happiness
My sister gain'd; and though he call me Foe, I pittie him!

Cal. Pittie! a pox upon you.

King. Mark his disordered words, and at the Mask.

Mel. *Diagoras* knows he rag'd, and rail'd at me,
And call'd a Lady Whore, so innocent
She understood him not; but it becomes
Both you and me too, to forgive distraction,

The Maids Tragedy.

Pardon him as I do.

Cal. Ile not speak for thee, for all thy cunning; if you will be safe chop off his head, for there was never known so impudent a Rascal.

King. Some that love him, get him to bed: why, pittie should not let age make itself contemptible; we must be all old, have him away.

Mel. Calianax, the King believes you; come, you shall go Home, and rest; you ha done well; you'l give it up When I has us'd you thus a moneth I hope.

Cal. Now, now, 'tis plain Sir, he does move me still; He saies he knows Ile give him up the Fort, When he has us'd me thus a moneth: I am mad, Am I not still? *Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

Cal. I shall be mad indeed, if you do thus; Why would you trust a sturdy fellow there (That has no vertue in him, all's in his sword) Before me? do but take his weapons from him, And he's an Ass, and I am a very fool, Eoth with him, and without him, as you use me.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!

King. 'Tis well *Calianax*; but if you use This once agen, I shall intreat some other To see your offices be well discharg'd. Be me ry Gentlemen, it grows somewhat late.

Amintor, thou wouldest be abed agen. *Amin.* Yes Sir.

King. And you *Evadne*; let me take thee in my arms, *Melanti-
tius*, and believe thou art as thou deservest to be, my friend still, and for ever. Good *Calianax*, Sleep soundly, it will bring thee to thy self.

Exeunt omnes. Manent Mel. and Cal.

Cal. Sleep soundly! I sleep soundly now I hope, I could not be thus else. How dar'st thou stay Alone with me, knowing how thou hast used me?

Mel. You cannot blast me with your tongue, And that's the strongest part you have about you.

Cal. I do look for some great punishment for this, For I begin to forget all my hate, And tak't unkindly that mine enemy Should use me so extraordinarily scurvily.

Mel. I shalt melt too, if you begin to take

Unkind.

The Maids Tragedy.

Unkindnesses ; I never meant you hurt.

Cal. Thou'lt anger me agen ; thou wretched rogue,
Meant me no hurt ! disgrace me with the King ;
Lose all my Offices ! this is no hurt.

Is it ? I prethee what dost thou call hurt ?

Mel. To poyson men because they love me not ;
To call the credit of mens wives in question ;
To murder children betwix me and land ; this is all hurt.

Cal. All this thou think'it is sport ;
For mine is worse ; but use thy will with me ;
For betwixt grief and anger I could cry.

Mel. Be wise then, and be safe ; thou maist revenge.

Cal. I oth' King ; I would revenge of thee.

Mel. That you must plot your self.

Cal. I am a fine plotter.

Mel. The short is, I will hold thee with the king,
In this perplexitie, till peevishness
And thy disgrace have laid thee in thy grave :
But if thou wilt deliver up the Fort,
Ile take thy trembling body in my arms,
And bear thee over dangers ; thou shalt hold thy wonted state.

Cal. If I should tell the King, canst thou deny't agen ?

Mel. Try and believe.

Cal. Nay then, thou canst bring any thing about ;
Thou shalt have the Fort.

Mel. Why well, here let our hate be buried, and
This hand shall right us both ; give me thy aged breast
to compass.

Cal. Nay I do not love thee yet ;
I cannot well endure to look on thee ;
And if I thought it were a courtesie,
Thou should'st not not have it ; but I am disgrac'd ;
My Offices are to be tane away ;
And if I did but hold this Fort a day,
I do believe the King would take it from me,
And give it thee, things are so strangely carried ;
Nere tha k me fo't ; but yet the King shall know
There was some such thing in't I told h m of,
And that I was an honest man.

Mel. Hee'l buy that knowledge very dearlie : *Enter Diphilus.*
What news with thee ? *Diph.*

The Maids Tragedy.

Diph. This were a night indeed to do it in;
The King hath sent for her.

Mel. She shall perform it then; go *Diphilus*,
And take from this good man, my worthy friend,
The Fort; he'll give it thee.

Diph. Ha you got that?

Cal. Art thou of the same breed? canst thou deny
This to the King too?

Diph. With a confidence as great as his.

Cal. Faith like enough.

Mel. Away and use him kindly.

Cal. Touch not me, I hate the whole strain: if thou follow me a
great way off, Ile give thee up the Fort; and hang your selves.

Mel. Be gone.

Diph. He's finely wrought.

Exeunt Cal. Diph.

Mel. This is a night in spite of Astronomers
To do the deed in; I will wash the stain
That rests upon our house, off with his blood.

Enter Amintor.

Amin. *Melantius*, now assist me if thou beest
That which thou sayst, assist me; I have lost
All my distempers, and have found a rage so pleasing; help me.

Mel. Who can see him thus,
And not swear vengeance? what's the matter friend?

Amint. Out with thy sword; and hand in hand with me
Rush to the Chamber of this hated King,
And sink him with the weight of all his sins to hell for ever.

Mel. 'Twere a rash attempt,
Not to be done with safetie; let your reason
Plot your revenge, and not your passion.

Amint. If thou refuseth me in these extreams,
Thou art no friend: he sent for her to me;
By Heaven to me; my self; and I must tell ye
I love her as a stranger; there is worth
In that vile woman, worthy things, *Melantius*;
And she repents. Ile do't my self alone,
Though I be slain. Farewell.

Mel. He'll overthrow my whole design with madness:

Amintor, think what thou doest; I dare as much as valour;
But 'tis the King, the King, the King, *Amintor*,

With

The Maids Tragedy.

With whom thou fightest ; I know he's honest ;
And this will work with him.

afide.

Amint. I cannot tell
What thou hast said ; but thou hast charm'd my sword
Out of my hand, and left me shaking here defenceless.

Mel. I will take it up for thee.

Amint. What a wild beast is uncollected man !
The thing that we call honour, bears us all
Headlong unto sin, and yet it self is nothing.

Mel. Alas, how variable are thy thoughts ?

Amint. Just like my fortunes ; I was run to that
I purpos'd to have chid thee for.
Some plot I did distrust thou hadst against the King
By that old fellows carriage ; but take heed ;
There is not the least limb growing to a King,
But carries thunder in it.

Mel. I have none against him.

Amin. Why ? come then, and still remember we may not
think revenge.

Mel. I will remember.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Evadne and a Gentleman.

E V A D. Sir, is the King abed ?

Gent. Madam, an hour ago.

Evad. Give me the key then, and let none be neere ;
'Tis the Kings pleasure :

Gent. I understand you Madam, would t'were mine.
I must not wish good rest unto your Ladyship.

Evad. You talk, you talk.

Gent. 'Tis all I dare do Madam ; but the King will wake,
and then.

Evad. Saving your imagination, pray good night Sir.

Gent. A good night be it then , and a long one Madam ;
I am gone.

Evad. The night grows horrible, and all about me
Like my black purpose ; O the conscience

King abed.

H

O

The Maids Tragedy.

Of a lost virgin ; whether wilt thou pull me ?
To what things dismal, as the depth of hel ,
Wilt thou provoke me ? Let no man dare
From this hour be disloyal ; if her heart
Be flesh , if she have blood, and can fear, 'tis a daring
Above that desperate fool that left his peace,
And went to sea to fight ; 'tis so many sins
An age cannot prevent 'em ; and so great,
The gods want mercy for ; yet I must through 'em.
I have begun a slaughter on my honour ,
And I must end it there ; asleeps , good heavens !
Why give you peace to this untemperate beast
That hath so long transgressed you ? I must kill him ,
And I will do't bravely : the meer joy
Tels me I merit in it ; yet I must not
Thus tamely do it as he sleeps ; that were
To rock him to another world ; my vengeance
Shall take him waking, and then lay before him
The number of his wrongs and punishments.
He shake his sins like furies, till I waken
His evil angel, his sick conscience ;
And then Ile strike him dead : King, by your leave ;
I dare not trust your strength ; your grace and I
Must grapple upon even terms no more ;
So, if he raile me not from my resolution ,
I shall be strong enough.

My Lord the King, my Lord , asleeps
As if he meant to wake no more, my Lord ;
Is he not dead already ? Sir, my Lord.

King. Who's that ?

Evad. O you sleep soundly sir !

King. My dear *Evadne*,
I have been dreaming of thee ; come to bed :

Evad. I am come at length Sir, but how welcome ?

King. What pretty new device is this *Evadne* ?
What do you tie me to you by my love ?

This is a quaint one : come my dear and kiss me ;

Ile be thy *Mars* to bed my Queen of Love ;

Let us be caught together, that the Gods may see,

And envy our embraces.

Evad.

The Maids Tragedy.

Evad. Say Sir, stay ;
You are too hot, and I have brought you Physick
To temper your high veins.

King. Prethee to bed then ; let me take it warm,
There you shall know the state of my body better.

Evad. I know you have a surfeited foul body ,
And you must bleed.

King. Bleed !

Evad. I, you shall bleed ; lie still, and if the Diuel,
Your lust will give you leave, repent ; this steel
Comes to redeem the honour that you stole
King, my fair name, which nothing but thy death
Can answer to the world.

King. How's this *Evadne* ?

Evad. I am not she ; nor bear I in this breast
So much cold spirit to be cal'd a woman ;
I am a Tyger ; I am any thing
That knows not pittie ; stir not ; if thou dost,
yle take thee unprepar'd ; thy fears upon thee,
That make thy sins look double, and so send thee
(By my revenge I will) to look those torments
Prepar'd for such black souls.

King. Thou dost not mean this ; 'tis impossible ;
Thou art too sweet and gentle.

Evad. No, I am not ;
I am as foule as thou art, and can number
As many such hiels here : I was once fair ;
Once I was lovely ; not a blowing rose
More chastly sweet, till thou, thou thou, foule canker,
(Stir not) didst poyson me ; I was a world of vertue,
Till your curst court and you (hell blest you for't) /
With your temptations on temptations
Made me give up mine honour ; for which (King)
I am come to kill thee.

King. No.

Evad. I am.

King. Thou art not.
I prethee speak not these things ? thou art gentle,
And wert not meant thus rugged.

Evad. Peace and hear me.

The Maids Tragedy.

Stir nothing but your tongue, and that for mercy,
To those above us ; by whose lights I vow,
Those blessed fires that shot to see our sin,
If thy hot soul had substance with thy blood,
I would kill that too , which being past my steel,
My tongue shall reach : Thou art a shameless villain,
A thing out of the overchange of nature ;
Sent like a thick cloud to disperse a plague
Upon weak catching women ; such a tyrant
That for his lust would sell away his subjects,
I all his heaven hereafter.

King. Here *Evadne*,
Thou soul of sweetness ! hear, I am thy King.

Evad. Thou art my shame ; lie still, there's none about you,
Within your cries ; all promises of safety
Are but deluding dreams ; thus thus, thou foule man,
Thus I begin my vengeance.

Stabs him.

King. Hold *Evadne* !
I do command thee hold.

Evad. I do not mean Sir,
To part so fairly with you ; we must change
More of these love-tricks yet.

King. What bloody villain
Provok't thee to this murder ?

Evad. Thou, thou monster.

King. Oh !

Evad. Thou keptst me brave at Court, and whor'd me ;
Then married me to a young noble Gentleman ;
And whor'd me still.

King.

King. *Evadne*, pitty me.

Evad. Hell take me then ; this for my Lord *Amintor* ;
This for my noble brother ; and this stroke
For the most wrong'd of women.

Kills him.

King. Oh I die.

Evad. Die all our faults together ; I forgive thee.

Exeunt.

Enter two of the Bed-chamber.

1. Come now she's gone, let's enter, the King expects it, and
will be angry.

2. 'Tis a fine wench, weel have a snap at her one of these nights
as she goes from him.

1. Con-

The Maids Tragedy.

1. Content : how quickly he had done with her ! I see kings can do no more that way than other mortal people,

2. How fast he is ! I cannot hear him breathe.

1. Either the Tapers give a feeble light, or he looks very pale.

2. And so he does, pray heaven he be well.

Lets look : Alas he's stiffe, wounded and dead :

Treason, treason !

1. Run forth and call.

Exit Gent.

2. Treason, treason !

1. This will be laid on us : who can believe

A woman could do this ?

Enter Cleon and Lisippus.

Cleon. How now, where's the Traytor ?

1. Fled, fled away ; but there her woful act lies still.

Cle. Her act ! a woman !

Lis. Where's the body ?

1. There.

Lis. Farewell thou worthy man ; there were two bonds

That tyed our loves, a brother and a King ;

The least of which might fetch a flood of tears :

But such the misery of greatness is ,

They have no time to mourn ; then pardon me.

Sirs, which way went she ?

Enter Strato.

Strato. Never follow her ,

For she alas was ! ut the instrument.

News is now brought in, that *Melan'us*

Has got the Fort, and stands upon the wall ;

And with a loud voice calls those few that passe

At this dead time of night, delivering

The innocent of this act.

Lis. Gentlemen, I am your King.

Strat. We do acknowledge it.

Lis. I would I were not : follow all ; for this must have a sudden stop.

Exeunt.

Enter Melant. Diph. Cal. on the wall.

Mel. If the dull people can believe I am arm'd.

Be constant *Diphilus* ; now we have time,

Either to bring our banisht honors home,

The Maids Tragedy.

Or create new ones in our ends.

Dijh. I fear not;

My spirit lies not that way. Courage *Calianax*.

Cal. Would I had any, you should quickly know it.

Mel. Speak to the people; thou art eloquent.

Cal. 'Tis a fine eloquence to come to the gallows;
You were born to be my end; the Divil take you.
Now must I hang for company; 'tis strange
I should be old, and neither wise nor valiant.

Enter Lisip. Diag. Cleon. Strat. Guard.

Lisip. See where he stands as boldly confident,
As if he had his full command about him.

Strat. He looks as if he had the better cause; Sir,
Under your gracious pardon let me speak it;
Though he be mighty-spirited and forward
To all great things; to all things of that danger,
Worse men shake at the telling of; yet certainly
I do believe him noble, and this action
Rather puld on than sought; his mind was ever
As worthy as his hand.

Lis. 'Tis my fear too;
Heaven forgive all: summon him Lord *Cleon*.

Cleon. Ho from the walls there.

Mel. Worthy *Cleon*, welcome;
We could have wish'd you here Lord; you are honest.

Cal. Well, thou art as flattering a knave, though I dare not
tell thee so. *aside.*

Lis. *Melantius*!

Mel. Sir.

Lis. I am sorry that we meet thus; our old love
Never requir'd such distance; pray heaven
You have not left your self, and sought this safety
More out of fear than honour; you have lost
A noble Master, which your faith *Melantius*,
Some think might have preserv'd; yet you know best.

Cal. When time was I was mad; some that dares
Fight I hope will pay this rascal.

Mel. Royal young man, whose tears look lovely on thee;
Had they been shed for a deserving one,
They had been lasting monuments. Thy brother,

The Maids Tragedy.

Whil'st he was good, I call'd him King, and serv'd him
With that strong faith, that most unwearied valour;
Put'd people from the farthest Sun to seek him;
And by his friendship, I was then his souldier;
But since his hot pride drew him to disgrace me,
And brand my noble actions with his lust;
(That never cut'd dishonour of my sister,
Base stain of whore; and which is worse,
The joy to make it still so) like my self;
Thus have I flung him off with my allegiance,
And stand here mine own justice to revenge
What I have suffered in him; and this old man
Wrong'd almost to lunacy.

Cal. Who I? you wud draw me in: I have had no wrong,
I do disclaim ye all.

Mel. The short is this;
'Tis no ambition to lift up my self;
Urgeth me thus; I do desire again
To be a subject, so I may be freed;
If not, I know my strength, and will unbuild
This goodly Town; be speedy, and be wise, in a reply.

Strat. Be sudden Sir to tie
All again; what's done is past recall,
And past you to revenge; and there are thousands
That wait for such a troubled hour as this;
Throw him the blank.

Lis. *Melantius*, write in that thy choice;
My seal is at it.

Mel. It was our honour drew us to this act;
Not gain; and we will only work our pardon.

Cal. Put my name in too.

Diph. You disclaim'd us but now, *Calianax*.

Cal. Thats' all one;
He not be hanged hereafter by a trick;
He have it in.

Mel. You shall, you shall:
Come to the back gate, and weel call you King;
And give you up the Fort.

Lis. Away, away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter

The Maids Tragedy.

Enter Aspasia in mans apparel.

Asp. This is my fatal hour ; heaven may forgive
My rash attempt, that causelessly hath laid
Griefs on me that that will never let me rest ;
And put a womans heart into my breast ;
It is more honour for you that I die ;
For she that can endure the misery
That I have on me, and be patient too ,
May live, and laugh at all that you can do.
God save you Sir.

Enter servant.

Ser. And you Sir ; what's your business ?

Asp. With you Sir now, to do me the office
To help me to your Lord.

Ser. What, would you serve him ?

Asp. Ile do him any service ; but to haste,
For my affairs are earnest , I desire to speak with him.

Ser. Sir, because you are in such haste, I would be loth delay you
any longer : you cannot.

Asp. It shall become you though to tell your Lord.

Ser. Sir, he will speak with no body.

Asp. This is most strange : art thou gold proof ? there's for
thee ; help me to him.

Ser. Pray be not angry Sir , Ile do my best.

Exit.

Asp. How stubbornly this fellow answer'd me ;
There is a vile dishonest trick in man,
More than in women : all the men I meet
Appear thus to me, are harsh and rude ,
And have a subtilty in every thing ,
Which love could never know ; but we fond women
Harbour the easiest and smoothest thoughts ,
And think all shall go so ; it is unjust
That men and women should be matcht together.

Enter Amintor and his man.

Amint. Where is he ?

Ser. There my Lord.

Amint. What would you sir ?

Asp. Please it your Lordship to command your man
Out of the room ; I shall deliver things

Worthy

The Maids Tragedy.

Worthy your hearing.

Amin. Leave us.

Asp. O that that shape should bury falshood in it.

Aside.

Amin. Now your will Sir.

Asp. When you know me, my Lord, you needs must guesse
My business; and I am not hard to know;
For till the change of war mark'd this smooth face
With these few blemishes, people would call me
My sisters picture, and her mine; in short,
I am the brother to the wrong'd *Aspatia*.

Amin. The wrong'd *Aspatia*; would thou wert so too
Unto the wrong'd *Aminitor*; let me kisse
That hand of thine in honour that I bear
Unto the wrong'd *Aspatia*: here I stand
That did it; would he could not; gentle youth,
Leave me, for there is something in thy looks
That calls my sins in a most hideous form
Into my mind; and I have grief enough
Without thy help.

Asp. I would I could with credit:
Since I was twelve years old I had not seen
My sister till this hour; I now arriv'd;
She sent for me to see her marriage,
A woful one; but they that are above,
Have ends in every thing; she us'd few words,
But yet enough to make me understand
The baseness of the injurie you did her;
That little training I have had, is war;
I may behave my self rudely in peace;
I would not though; I shall not need to tell you
I am but young; and you would be loth to lose
Honour that is not easily gain'd again;
Fairly I mean to deal; the age is strict
For single combats, and we shall be stop't
If it be publish't; if you like your sword,
Use it; if mine appear a better to you,
Change; for the ground is this, and this the time
To end our difference.

Amin. Charitable youth,
If thou beest such, think not I will maintain

The Maids Tragedy.

So strange a wrong ; and for thy sisters sake,
Know that I could not think that desperate thing
I durst not do ; yet to enjoy this world
I would not see her ; for beholding thee,
I am I know not what ; if I have ought
That may content thee, take it and be gone ;
For death is not so terrible as thou ;
Thine eyes shoot guilt into me.

Asp. Thus she swore
Thou would'st behave thy self, and give me words
That would fetch tears into mine eyes, and so
Thou dost indeed ; but yet she bade me watch,
Lest I were couzen'd, and be sure to fight ere I return'd.

Amin. That must not be with me ;
For her Ile die directly, but against her will never hazard it.

Asp. You must be urg'd ; I do not deal uncivilly with those that
Dare to fight ; but such a one as you
Must be us'd thus.

She strikes him.

Amin. Prethee youth take heed ;
Thy sister is a thing to me so much
Above mine honour, that I can endure
All this ; good gods——a blow I can endure ;
But stay not, lest thou draw a timely death upon thy self.

Asp. Thou art some prating fellow,
One that has studyed out a trick to talk
And move soft-hearted people ; to be kickt,
Thus to be kickt——why should he be so slow
In giving me my death ?

*She kicks him.
aside.*

Amin. A man can bear
No more and keep his flesh ; forgive me then ;
I would endure yet if I could ; now shew
The spirit thou pretendest, and understand
Thou hast no honour to live :

They fight.

What dost thou mean ? thou canst not fight :
The blows thou mak'st at me are quite besides ;
And those I offer at thee, thou spread'st thine arms,
And tak'st upon thy breast, alas defenceless.

Asp. I have got enough,
And my desire ; ther's no place so fit for me to die as here.

Evad. Amintor ; I am loaden with events
That flie to make thee happy ; I have joyes

Enter Evadne.

Thas

The Maids Tragedy.

That in a moment can call back thy wrongs,
And settle thee in thy free state again ;
It is *Evadne* still that follows thee, but not her mischiefs.

*Her hands
bloody with
a knife.*

Amin. Thou canst not fool me to believe agen ;
But thou hast looks and things so full of news that I am staid.

Evad. Noble *Amintor*, put off thy amaze ;
Let thine eyes loose, and speak, Am I not fair ?
Looks not *Evadne* beauteous with these rites now ?
Were those hours half so lovely in thine eyes,
When our hands met before the holy man ?
I was too foule within to look fair then ;
Since I knew ill, I was not free till now.

Amin. There is presage of some important thing
About thee, which it seems thy tongue hath lost :
Thy hands are bloody, and thou hast a knife.

Evad. In this consists thy happiness and mine ;
Joy to *Amintor*, for the King is dead.

Amin. Those have most power to hurt us that we love ,
We lay our sleeping lives within their arms.
Why ? thou hast rais'd up mischief to this height,
And found out one to out-name thy other faults ;
Thou hast no intermission of thy sins,
But all thy life is a continual ill ;
Black is thy colour now, disease thy nature.
Joy to *Amintor* ! thou hast touch't a life,
The very name of which had power to chain
Up all my rage, and calm my wildest wrongs.

Evad. 'Tis done ; and since I could not find a way
To meet thy love so clear, as through his life,
I cannot now repent it.

Amin. Could'st thou procure the Gods to speak to me,
To bid me love this woman, and forgive ,
I think I should fall out with them ; behold
Here lies a youth whose wounds bleed in my brest,
Sent by his violent Fate to fetch his death
From my flow hand : and to augment my woe ,
You now are present staid with a Kings blood
Violently shed : this keeps night here ,
And throws an unknown wildernes about me.

Asp. Oh, oh, oh !

Amin. No more, pursue me not.

The Maids Tragedy.

Evad. Forgive me then, and take me to thy bed.
We may not part.

Amin. Forbear, be wise, and let my rage go this way.

Evad. 'Tis you that I would stay, not it.

Amin. Take heed, it will return with me.

Evad. If it must be, I shall not fear to meet it ; take me home.

Amin. Thou monster of cruelty, forbear.

Evad. For heavens sake look more calm ;
Thine eyes are sharper then thou canst make thy sword.

Amin. Away, away, thy knees are more to me than violence.
I am worse than sick to see knees follow me
For that I must not grant ; for heavens sake stand.

Evad. Receive me then.

Amin. I dare not stay thy language ;
In midst of all my anger and my grief,
Thou dost awake something that troubles me,
And sayes I lov'd thee once ; I dare not stay ;
There is no end of womans reasoning.

leaves her.

Evad. *Amintor*, thou shalt love me once again ;
Go, I am calm ; farewell ; and peace for ever.

Evadne whom thou hat'st will die for thee.

Kills her self

Amin. I have a little humane nature yet
Thats left for thee, that bids me stay thy hand.

Returns.

Evad. Thy hand was welcome, but came too late ;
Oh I am lost ! the heavy sleep makes haste.

She dies.

Aspa. Oh, oh, oh !

Amin. This earth of mine doth tremble, and I feel
A stark affrighted motion in my blood ;
My soul grows weary of her house, and I
All over am a trouble to my self ;
There is some hidden power in these dead things
That calls my flesh into'em ; I am cold ;
Be resolute, and bear'em company ;
There's something yet which I am loth to leave.
There's man enough in me to meet the fears
That death can bring, and yet would it were done ;
I can find nothing in the whole discourse
Of death, I durst not meet the boldest way ;
Yet still betwixt the reason and the act,
The wrong I to *Aspatia* did stand up ;

The Maids Tragedy.

I have not such a fault to answer ;
Though she may justly arm with scorn
And hate of me, my soul will part less troubled ,
When I have paid to her in tears my sorrow ;
I will not leave this Act unsatisfied ,
If all thats left in me can answer it.

Asp. Was it a dream ? there stands *Aminor* still ;
Or I dream still.

Amin. How dost thou ? speak , receive my love, and help ;
Thy blood climbs up to his old place again ;
There's hope of thy recovery.

Asp. Did you not name *Aspatia* ? *Amin.* I did.

Asp. And talkt of tears and sorrow unto her.

Amin. 'Tis true , and till these happy signs in thee
Did stay my course, 'twas thither I was going.

Asp. Th'art there already, and these wounds are hers :
Those threats I brought with me, sought not revenge,
But came to fetch this blessing from thy hand, I am *Aspatia* yet.

Amin. Dare my soul ever look abroad agen ?

Asp. I shall live *Aminor* ; I am well ;
A kind of healthful joy wanders within me.

Amin. The world wants lines to excuse thy loss ;
Come let me bear thee to some place of help.

Asp. *Aminor* thou must stay, I must rest here,
My strength begins to disobey my will.
How dost thou my best soul ? I would fain live ,
Now if I could ; would'it thou have loved me then ?

Amin. Alas, all that I am's not worth a hair from thee.

Aspa. Give me thy hand, mine hands grope up and down,
And cannot find thee ; I am wondrous sick :
Have I thy hand *Aminor* ?

Amin. Thou greatest blessing of the world, thou hast.

Asp. I do believe thee better than my sense.
Oh, I must go, farewell.

Amin. She swounds : *Aspatia* help, for heavens sake water ;
Such as may chain life for ever to this frame.

Aspatia, speak : what no help ? yet I fool,
He chase her temples, yet there's nothing stirs ;
Some hidden Power tell her that *Aminor* calls,
And let her answer me : *Aspatia*, speak.

The Maids Tragedy.

I have heard, if there be life, but bow
The body thus, and it will shew it self.
Oh she is gone ! I will not leave her yet.
Since out of justice we must challenge nothing ;
Ile call it mercy if you'll pittie me ,
You heavenly powers, and lend for some few years,
The blessed soul to this fair seat again.
No comfort comes, the gods deny me too.
Ile bow the body once again : *Aspatia* !
The soul is fled for ever , and I wrong
My self, so long to lose her company.
Must I talk now ? Here's to be with thee love.

Kills himself

Enter Servant.

Ser. This is a great grace to my Lord, to have the new King
come to him ; I must tell him, he is entring. O heaven help, help !

Enter Lysip. Melant. Cal. Cleon. Diph. Strato.

Lys. Where's *Amin*tor ?

Strat. O there, there.

Lys. How strange is this !

Cal. What should we do here ?

Mel. These deaths are such acquainted things with me,
That yet my heart dissolves not. May I stand
Stiffe here for ever ; eyes, call up your tears ;
This is *Amin*tor : heart, he was my friend ;
Melt, now it flows ; *Amin*tor, give a word
To call me to thee.

Amin. Oh !

Mel. *Melantius* calls his friend *Amin*tor ; oh thy arms
Are kinder to me than thy tongue ;
Speak, speak.

Amin. What ?

Mel. That little word was worth all the sounds
That ever I shall hear again.

Diph. O brother, here lies your sister slain ;
You lose your self in sorrow there.

Mel. Why *Diphilus* , it is
A thing to laugh at in respect of this ;
Here was my sister, Father, brother, son ;
All that I had ; speak once again ;
What youth lies slain there by thee ?

Amin.

The Maids Tragedy.

Amin. 'Tis *Aspatia*.

My senses fade, let me give up my soul
Into thy bosome.

Cal. What's that? what's that? *Aspatia*!

Mel. I never did repent the greatness of my heart till now;
It will not burst at need.

Cal. My daughter dead here too! and you have all fine new tricks
to grieve; but I nere knew any but direct crying.

Mel. I am a pratler, but no more.

Diph. Hold brother.

Lysip. Stop him.

Diph. Fie; how unmanly was this offer in you!
Does this become our strain?

Cal. I know not what the matter is, but I am
Grown very kind, and am friends with you;
You have given me that among you will kill me
Quickly; but Ile go home, and live as long as I can.

Mel. His spirit is but poor that can be kept
From death for want of weapons.

Is not my hand a weapon good enough
To stop my breath? or if you tie down those,
I vow *Amintor* I will never eat,
Or drink, or sleep, or have to do with that
That may preserve life; this I swear to keep.

Lysip. Look to him tho, and bear those bodies in,
May this a fair example be to me,
To rule with temper: for on lustful Kings
Unlookt for sudden deaths from heaven are sent;
But curst is he that is their instrument.

FINIS.

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